

The Seniors – Chapter 1

We were getting up there in years and were now both retired. In addition to Social Security both Beth and I had pensions. I was 3 years her senior and we both retired at the same time, with me getting a full pension and her getting the smaller amount by retiring at 62. We lived on 10 acres, long since paid for. Our bills included insurance, medical co-pay if we saw a doctor, electricity and propane for our tank. That's not counting things like the occasional trip to the grocery store. We bought our gasoline in bulk and stabilized it with PRI-G. I can still remember the day we first visited the acreage, years back.

“The house uses propane for the stove, furnace and hot water heater. The hot water heater was replaced about 3 years back. That generator uses diesel fuel and hasn't given us one bit of trouble since it was installed. The spare filters and oil are in the shed out back. Oh, and the fireplace will burn wood or coal, but we've always burned wood. Had a sweep in 2 years back and he cleaned the chimney.”

“You said something about a storm shelter?”

“It's behind the house; hang on and I'll show you.”

“How large is your diesel tank?”

“Big. Let's put it this way, if you decided to fully fill it, you'd probably need to take out a bank loan. I bought it used and had it certified. It holds 30,000 gallons, but only has about 1,000 gallons in it, give or take. I was planning on producing biodiesel, but that didn't work out.”

“What are the other buildings?”

“There's a barn, a hog house, chicken house and that shed I mentioned. I sold off my land to a developer except for the home place and room for a garden and what not. If it was up to me, we'd stay here, but since the wife had the stroke, we're moving to town where medical services are readily available.”

He led us out the back door to a mound of dirt with a spring loaded door which opened into a flight of stairs going down to the storm shelter. The shelter was actually bigger than the mound of dirt seemed to suggest. It contained extensive shelving holding all manner of canned goods.

“We plan on taking the food with us and storing it the basement of the home we bought in town. The shelving stays and you can refill it, or not.”

“This is awfully large for a storm shelter.”

"I wondered if you'd notice. It's about 800ft². Had to replace the old storm shelter and decided to make this one bigger. It's more than a storm shelter, unless you consider a nuke a storm. You see, ever since we invaded Iraq, the Missus and I have been concerned about another attack against the country. The ATS is mounted near the generator which is through that door over there. I never got around to moving the spare parts for the generator down here, but you would have enough for about 2 years."

"How much are you asking?"

"I want thirty for the land and thirty-five for the house. That includes the things we've talked about. The well is good and can produce >25gpm; a shallow well is not a shallow well because it is not as deep as the norm in the area. A shallow well is a well where the drawdown of the water while pumping is at twenty-five feet or less. It doesn't matter how deep the well goes. A deep well is any well where the drawdown of the water when pumping is more than thirty feet. There's a little overlap in that twenty-five-foot to thirty-foot area. A hundred foot well with the water level at eighteen feet while pumping is a shallow well. A well sixty feet deep with a drawdown to thirty-five feet is a deep well. It is because of the type of pump that must be used."

"We'll go the sixty-five cash and split the costs if you leave the generator, gasoline, diesel fuel and propane."

"Deal."

He said he'd be ready to move out before escrow settled. We agreed to split the costs associated with the sale and Beth and I started to look into some other things we wanted at the acreage. She wanted an outside kitchen for canning with a wood stove. There were several other things she wanted relating to canning like jars, lids, a new pressure canner and so forth. She wanted wall mounted kerosene lamps in case of a power failure and the generator refusing to start.

Beth also wanted me to build shelves in the basement to store the canned foods. She said it was because she didn't relish walking through 3 feet of snow for a jar of green beans. And don't forget the chest type deep freezer, she wanted a second 25ft³ to go with the one we already had. She agreed to grow chickens and said we could have a milk cow if I was willing to milk it. 'No hogs'; she said, 'pigs stink'.

That was about 6 years ago, IIRC. Our internet was simple dialup service because we were nowhere near a phone company. I'd spent some time on the internet daily catching up on the news. During those same six years, we'd acquired PRI-G (one case = 6 gallons) and PRI-D (5 cases = 30 gallons). We'd also acquired 4 Appaloosa geldings with tack for our grandchildren and us to ride when they'd come visiting. We'd purchased a small Ford tractor with a plow and straight disk to till a garden spot. It made it far easier to turn the soil in the fall and disk and rototill it in the spring.

My son, David Jr., helped me harvest standing dead trees and dead falls. I bought a fairly good used hydraulic wood splitter. During those same 6 years, we'd accumulated over 100 cords of split and stacked firewood. My son and his family couldn't visit as often as we'd like and Beth and I learned to ride so the horses didn't get frisky. We got lucky there, the horses could get by with an occasional ride. We'd gotten our money out of our retirement accounts long before the bubble burst and felt very blessed. Gold and silver were down around that time and Beth and I put half of what we had into gold and silver. Later, that uninspired decision would prove to be one of the best decisions we ever made.

I'd never really had time to hunt so many people were surprised at my gun collection. I liked guns, handguns, rifles and shotguns and had accumulated more than a few. Winchester might be out of the business of making firearms, but I bought a long time ago and had all I wanted. I had a Remington 870, but rather than getting a short barrel for it, I bought a Marines Corp Mossberg, the 590A1. My 'hunting' rifle was a model 70 in .308 caliber fitted with a Leupold scope. After we bought the acreage, I bought 4 Marlin 1895 Cowboys in .45-70. I added 4 Ruger Vaqueros in .45 Colt with 5½" barrels plus plain gun belts and holsters. 'For the grandchildren' I told myself.

Except, I read a patriot fiction story talking about gun belts and someone posted pictures of the Paladin gun belt and the Laredoan gun belt. Beth got me the Paladin gun belt for Christmas one year with 7½" right side holster. In turn, I went shopping for a 7½" Vaquero revolver, good used.

I had other guns, too, including a PTR-91, a M1A Super Match, a Bushmaster M-4 for Beth plus some semi-auto pistols, a Browning Hi-Power for Beth and a Kimber Custom Tactical II pistol for me. David's wife, Geena, was a big city girl and terrified of any kind of firearm. Usually, David would take the kids shooting while Beth engaged Geena in some other task. Since I didn't believe it good to start a youngster on a .45-70 rifle, I also had 5 Marlin 1894s in .45 Colt and a Ruger 10/22 and my old H&R 922 long barrel.

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The country was in one hell of a mess. The housing bubble burst, the big financial companies were all going broke, unemployment stood at 10% and our new president was up to his hind end in alligators. Major retailers were closing up shop, like Circuit City had. The consensus seemed to be that the country and the world was entering the second Great Depression. The president had called for the troops to be pulled in 16 months fulfilling a campaign promise and the Pentagon had a plan ready to implement.

When the president asked Congress for an additional 1 trillion dollars to save the economy, Congress split down party lines and he got the money. Except for the fact that groceries went up each time we went to the store, Beth and I were in good shape. Our Social Security plus our company pensions plus the income on our nominal savings kept pace with the economy, but just barely.

Since the acreage was fenced with a good wooden fence (probably for horses) we'd turn the horses out every day to graze. We bought horse feed in bulk from the local elevator and chicken feed from the feed and grain. When the pullets were available, we usually bought 8-10 dozen to feed and butcher. We also had hens for eggs but no roosters and rotated the old hens out periodically into baking hens.

We were generally unaffected by the state of the country in early 2009. Beth and I were worried that it might change and decided to make some preparations, just in case. The diesel tank was about half filled when the price of #2 went through the ceiling. More recently, the price was down and we had it topped off. Hell, we had all the tanks topped off, who knew what the price would be the next day or later the same day?

The basement shelves were full due to our double buying and canning. We placed an order with Walton Feed out in Idaho for 8 deluxe one year food supplies for the shelter. It wasn't the best time to place an order, but we eventually got the shipment. Every time we went to town, we'd stop by Wally World and buy more ammo. Usually .22 but whatever they had on sale that we could use. I had a few thousand rounds of military surplus .308 NATO and some of the Black Hills 165gr and 168gr ammo, 2 cases of the former and 8 of the latter. There wasn't a single firearm in my collection that I didn't have at least 1,000 rounds of ammo available.

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That thing between Russia and the Ukraine over natural gas threatened to become a shooting war, just like Georgia. Israel pulled out of Gaza, but the Hamas rockets kept flying. They had a new policy, respond in kind, ergo, if you fire a rocket, we drop a bomb, 1:1. Ban Ki-moon chided Israel over the new policy. Mubarak was seen as somewhat of a hero for brokering the cease fire. Periodically, Hezbollah would fire a few missiles into Israel, forcing them to adopt the same policy with regard to Lebanon as they had with Gaza, 1:1.

It was always something. Back in December, they had a swarm of earthquakes at Yellowstone that had many worried. There was an earthquake in Sumatra that some thought would produce a tsunami. You knew that North Korean revealed that they'd weaponized their supply of plutonium, yielding enough for 4-5 warheads, right? Worst of all, was the weather; it had turned cold for the last two winters with record cold and record snow. It doesn't matter where we live, but the closest town is Branson, Missouri, located at 36°38'16"N, 93°15'18"W. Hard to find 10 flat acres in hill country but the homestead for the farm had been in a valley.

So, how do you fill your days when you're retired? In addition to the things I mentioned, Beth and I took classes, EMT-Basic and EMT-Intermediate. It was a way to fill the time and gain a hopefully useful skill. She was first in every class and I was usually second or third. Our family doctor was impressed enough with our new found skills to prescribe the type of things typically found on ambulances and Paramedic trucks. We didn't have

a lot and it required rotation. There were other things that might come in handy, too like those blood stopper bandages, ACS.

Did we have the radiation equipment? What good is a shelter if you don't know when it's safe to leave? We had four meters and a bunch of dosimeters. They ranged from the AMP 200 with a range up to 10,000R to a CD V-700 with a range of 50mR. The dosimeters were either CD V-742s with 200R ranges or the Victoreen Model 252s with a 200mR range. Yes, we had radiation equipment and plenty of that Potassium Iodate. However, whether or not we would need it was an open question and I hoped that it never came to that. But then, don't we all?

Geena told Beth that they probably wouldn't be up before March at the earliest. She said that Dave was working on a project and couldn't be free before then. She refused to tell Beth what the project was other than, 'it's a surprise'. My David is a machinist and can use just about any machine in a machine shop, be it a metal lathe, a milling machine, you name it. These days they often use computer controlled lathes and he took classes on those too.

I told you about my firearms collection, but didn't mention his. He had a M1A Loaded, the Mossberg 590A1, a Colt M1911A1 and a Walther PPK in .380. Geena, of course, didn't own any firearms and wouldn't let Dave buy any for their kids, David III or Benjamin. Geena was pregnant with their third child and she is hoping for a girl. Geena matter of factly stated that she'd keep going until she had a daughter. David was an only child. Beth and I began to wonder if we had enough horses and to that end, bought more Appaloosa's, a stallion and 2 mares for breeding stock.

The agricultural products we needed were usually purchased on the open market, like the chicken feed and horse feed. I'd buy straw for bedding and baled Timothy instead of baled Alfalfa for the horses. I did that because the breeder who sold me the horses told me to feed them Timothy and specify the horse mix from the elevator.

My name is David Morgan and before I retired, I was an accountant for a company in Springfield. Beth worked for the Springfield Public School system in administration. My wife is Elizabeth Morgan née Sampson, but she calls me Dave and I call her Beth. Our parents are all long gone to meet their maker. When David was born, there were 'complications' and we couldn't have any more children. We talked about adopting but never did.

"That order is here, I had them put it the garage. You'll have to move it to the shelter."

"We ordered 8 units and they weigh about 770 pounds each, it may take a day or two."

It was, in fact, over 3 tons of food and I found it hard to believe that we could eat that much food in a little over a year (counting our kids and grandchildren). I got my cart and began by loading the buckets, 4 at a time. That got them to the shelter, but not down the stairs. It was better, I think, to be going down rather than up. There were a total of 88

pails or 44 loads. I had it half done before I took time off to rest my back. The following day, I moved the other 44 pails and called it quits. The boxes were much easier and on day 3, I moved them all.

The Seniors – Chapter 2

“You need to get that stuff moved to the freezer in the basement so we can rotate our food. We have the side of beef and two hogs to pick up at the Locker Plant and I want them in the shelter.”

“Are the hams and bacon ready?”

“He said it would be this week. I’ll help if it’s too much for you.”

“No, I’ll do it, but I think I’ll put it off until tomorrow and give my back a bit of a rest. Those boxes didn’t weigh near as much as the pails so I’m not hurting like I was yesterday and the day before.”

The pails only averaged around 40 pounds each, give or take. It was the stairs that did it to my back far more than the actual weight. A little Icy Hot and I’d be good to go the next morning. I did it one box at a time and had to move around 25ft³ of frozen food. At least I could fill the boxes only as full as I wanted, but it would take more trips, up and down the stairs. So, I loaded them as heavy as I dared and was done well before noon.

“Is it all moved?”

“Got done around 11:30.”

“Want to go pick up the meat from the Locker, they called?”

“Can it wait until tomorrow?”

“You’ll regret it if Russia attacks during the middle of the night.”

“Then, you’re saying no.”

“Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today. I’ll come with you and help.”

The hams and bacon being ready saved another trip to the Locker. The half of beef and two hogs half filled the freezer. There was still room for some things and Beth said that we’d go shopping the following day and finish filling the freezer. We went to a meat market and bought slab bacon and canned hams. Next, we went to the grocery store and bought canned meats like tuna, chicken, beef, corned beef hash and some convenience foods. She had homemade pasta sauce and bought the large bags of several kinds of pasta. Between what we had canned and what we bought, we could eat fresh food for a year before going to those items in the shelter.

Our garden always produced a good crop of eating and canning tomatoes plus green peppers and onions. We planted a large crop of potatoes and when the kids came up, I usually threw 2 50# bags in their trunk. There were carrots, peas, the green beans, sal-

ad lettuce and a small amount of radishes that we ate fresh during the summer. We also grew cabbage and fermented it into sauerkraut that was nothing like store bought. For the amount of work corn required versus the yield, we bought sweet corn from a neighbor who had a roadside stand.

“You think you have enough ammo?”

“Are you saying I need more?”

“I was being sarcastic. How much do you have?”

“That’s like asking how much toilet paper we have, there is no such thing as having too much ammo or toilet paper.”

“You forgot coffee.”

“We have enough; there are 90 cans in the shelter and 36 cans in the basement.”

I avoided Beth’s question because I had an order placed for more ammo. If I told her the exact quantity I had when more came in, she’d have a hissy fit. I had ordered more of the Black Hills 168gr BTHP, bringing me to 5,000 Match BTHP and 1,000 hunting rounds. The Super Match was downright expensive. It was the Springfield Armory SA9805 and ran well over \$3,500 plus the mounts, scope and sales tax. If you don’t know the number, that’s the one with the Marine Corps camouflage stock and SS Douglas barrel. All 20 of my magazines were from them too, although they were a bit pricey. Fortunately, the store didn’t charge me full retail. I added the Leupold Mark IV 4.5-14x50mm scope because you don’t put a cheap scope on an expensive rifle.

It was winter and not that cold, but we kept the horses in the barn for most of the day. Although they eat all day, I fed them morning and evening and added a small amount of the grain mix for the evening meal. The chickens were generally good layers until it came time to butcher. We bought fish from the grocery store; it was easier and a more uniform product.

When the nursery got in the tomato and pepper plants, we picked them up and grew them in the living room window. I could plant them as soon as I made the pass with rototiller and the ground was warm enough. We kept some of the horse manure for the garden and a neighbor took the rest for his fields.

I served in the Army from 61 until 64, missing Nam by the skin on my teeth. We were trained on the M14 rifle and it began a lifelong love affair with the 7.62mm rifle, M14. The government paid a little over \$100 dollars for the rifle I was issued; compare that to what I spent on my Super Match. We trained on the LAW rocket, the M61 hand grenade and sometimes the M-79. I hated to think about how much I had invested in my ‘sniper rifle’. But, every Saturday morning that it wasn’t raining, Beth and I went to the range and put at least 100 rounds down range in both our rifles. It was expensive replacing the

ammo, although without practice, the rifle was almost useless. I had a replacement national match flashhider with a bayonet lug I'd gotten from Fulton Armory and had the gunsmith install. My M-6 bayonet came from Springfield Armory, genuine USGI.

As far as my shooting went, I generally maintained 1 MOA or less. The real problem came in at long ranges when I had to dope the wind, something I wasn't good at. I couldn't blame the rifle or my scope, so that left me to take the responsibility for poorly placed shots. I would shoot at anywhere between 500 and 1,000 meters while Beth kept her range down to 500 meters, maximum. I wanted to buy her a 5.56 that used the M-16 magazines and a short gas piston. I had a MR-556 (HK-416) on order but the dealer said it would take a while to fill the order. We could then relegate the Bushmaster to a backup weapon.

Survivalists? No, we're preppers. And every single prep item was well thought out. We had food, water, shelter, a Yaesu radio with both a vertical and beam antennas. We also had the FRS/GMRS radios and they were licensed. Beyond that, I had my old CB base station, 40 channel SSB, and mobile versions of the same radio in our vehicles plus hand held radios. The rule of threes is: 3 minutes without air, 3 hours without shelter, 3 days without water and 3 weeks without food. The other rule of threes seems to suggest that bad things happen in threes, an old wives tale.

I mentioned insurance earlier. We each had a \$250,000 term life policy and a final expense policy in addition to our health insurance. We decided to wait on Beth's supplemental Medicare insurance until she qualified for Medicare, and my coverage was a Medicare plus while she had full coverage including dental and eye care. Her Medicare wouldn't kick in until age 66.

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The new president hit the ground running and his first proposal, the extra trillion, was slapped down. He implemented the troop pullout and asked Congress to re-implement the Assault Weapons ban. The first 30,000 pulled from Iraq were replaced with an additional 30,000 troops in Afghanistan, fighting that lost cause against the Taliban. Most people that tried to subjugate the Afghans had paid high prices to win. In modern times, Russia and the US had little luck in their quests.

However, since we hadn't surged the troops yet, that remained to be seen. If I were to guess, we could move all 130,000 troops from Iraq to Afghanistan and still lose. The Soviets used 115,000 troops and they lost; how could we win with a smaller force? The opposition raised an initial force of 150,000 that grew to 250,000 before it ended.

March rolled around faster than you'd believe. It's like that when you get older or, maybe it's just me. Dave and Geena came up with the kids and it was all I could do not to ask what the surprise was. If I found out, it wouldn't be a surprise, though, so I waited patiently. Dave asked to borrow my Super Match and I asked him why. He said, "It's a

surprise and you'll know soon enough." Several thoughts occurred to me, a Surefire Suppressor, or perhaps a rail system.

One of those was partially right, it was a suppressor, but homemade by my master machinist son. He explained that he knew someone in Fountain Valley, California and was able to learn what metals Surefire used to build their baffles and get general details about their design. He purchased Surefire adapters, the muzzle brake model (MB762SSA) and built the suppressor essentially conforming to the Surefire design. The beauty of it was, he said, the two suppressors were totally off the books. I reminded him that jails are houses with bars on the windows and he laughed. "Are you going to turn me in 'cause I'm sure not."

He built two? That makes sense, one for me and one for him. Missouri law says: It is unlawful to knowingly possess, manufacture, transport, repair or sell a machine gun without the appropriate federal license. A machine gun is any firearm that is capable of firing more than one shot automatically, without manual reloading, by a single function of the trigger. It is unlawful to knowingly possess, manufacture, transport, repair or sell any rifle of less than 16 inch barrel length, shotgun of less than 18 inch barrel length, rifle or shotgun of less than 26 inch overall length, any silencer, any switchblade, or explosive bullets. The use or possession of "metal penetrating bullets" during the commission of a crime is a felony.

We took the rifles out to the range and used Black Hills Match ammo. The suppressor changed the point of aim about ½ MOA. The body of the suppressor was made of aluminum alloy and feather light. The baffles were a mystery because he wouldn't tell me what he used. For all I know, he bought some of the same metal Surefire used. I was surprised that the rifle made as much noise as it did and he had me walk out away from where he was shooting and fired a few rounds. I'll take that back, at long range, it was virtually soundless except for the sonic crack.

"How do you clean it?"

"There's a set screw in the front and back. Loosen the screw and turn the front plate clockwise or the rear plate counter clockwise. These rifles have a right hand twist and the plates will tighten if they move at all."

"Why don't you take a case of the Black Hills?"

"I have some Dad, my rifle isn't as fancy as yours, but it shoots especially well. I hear you picked up a new revolver."

"Vaquero 7½" in .45. Your mother bought me the Paladin rig and I had to have the gun to go with it. We bought more horses since there are six of us. We also added to the shelter food stocks. And, of course, we just filled the freezer recently."

"What's your take on the president?"

"I wish him luck; he's up to his butt in alligators. I think he should pull the troops from both Iraq and Afghanistan, but I'm not on his list of advisers. How long are the suppressors good for?"

"I guess probably about the same as the Surefire, 30,000 rounds. Your barrel will be worn out before the suppressor. It sounds to me like you think we're going to have a war."

"We're already at war with Iraq and Afghanistan. We could go to war with Iran, Mexico or any number of other countries. Most folks our age don't fear nuclear power but your mother and I do. I was just out of high school and she was still in high school during the Cuban missile crisis. We're leery of anyone with the bomb, except for our allies and sometimes even over them."

"But they're our allies."

"Today, sure. What about in the future?"

"You're a little paranoid, aren't you?"

"I suppose I am. What was your drive time up here, 3½ hours?"

"About that, yes."

"If terrorists or another country were to attack, we might not have any warning up to about 30 minutes warning. That would barely get you out of Little Rock. You have your stuff ready to go at a moment's notice?"

"That we do. The trailer is packed and has extra diesel fuel. I make sure either the cross bed tank or the regular tank and reserve tank are kept full. Our range is at least double the distance here."

"What would you do if you got a warning of an impending attack?"

"I'd bail out of work and Geena would pick up the boys. Lucky for us that they attend the same school and it's close to home. By the time I got there, they'd have the trailer hooked up, my firearms in the truck and be ready to go. We'd be clear of Little Rock in about 20 minutes."

The Seniors – Chapter 3

“There would be a lot of traffic on the roads.”

“I realize that and we have alternative routes to follow for every segment of the trip. There’s nothing in your area or in the area we’d be passing through to attract much attention were there an attack. Our LTS food and several changes of clothing plus extra cans of diesel are in the trailer. The rifle and shotgun would be in the window rifle rack plus I’d be carrying the 1911.”

“If that happens, I’m hoping that it will be telegraphed in the MSM. The trouble is that the MSM has been so narrowly focused these past few years they totally overlook important stories. It’s Obama this and Obama that and to hell with the world as a whole. I never personally cared for Walter Cronkite, but he was a real reporter. The other real reporters were Huntley and Brinkley.”

“Which forums do you read?”

“Mostly Frugal’s Forums; they have a lot of discussion and some pretty good authors cranking out that PAW fiction. You’ve got to know it won’t be like in the stories, if something ever does happen. After we put the guns up, do you want to get the ATVs and take a turn around the place?”

“You have something in mind?”

“Well, I’ve been giving some thought to the prospect that we might have to defend the acreage sometime in the future.”

“Sure, we can look, but there aren’t many places that provide good cover. There’s a difference between concealment and cover and to have cover, we’d need fighting positions.”

“What?”

“Foxholes.”

“Can’t do that, the horses might fall in and break a leg.”

“I see what you mean. However, given the lay of the land, it’s the only option I can think of. When did you get the ATVs?”

“We got them used late last year. We got two, one for your mom and one for me. They’ll handle a second passenger so we could always haul two people. They’d been rode hard and put up wet and it took some tinkering to get them back up to good condition. Still need sanded and repainted but that doesn’t affect how they run.”

“Mechanicals?”

“All sound. A little body putty, some sandpaper and some camouflage paint and they’ll be ready. Should have them done by spring.”

“Keep your eyes open and if you can get a good deal on two more, give me a call. Say, what are these?”

“Honda FourTrax Recon’s the bottom of their line.”

“Putting two on one might be a tight squeeze.”

“No problem if it’s an adult and a kid.”

“I can see that, but two adults might be a little too close.”

“Hard times call for hard measures Dave. Take that garden for example, there’s space for a two acre garden but we’ve only ever planted part of one acre. Should something happen and Geena and you end up on our doorstep, we’d have room to grow a lot more food.”

“Let’s hope that never happens, Dad. A big garden is about 2,500ft². An acre is 43,560ft². It would take a crew to handle one acre.”

“Amen to that. Tell me something, just how much .308 NATO do you have?”

“Remember when Aim Surplus had South African for \$187 plus shipping for 980 rounds? I bought 6 of those cases and ended up with 5,880 rounds. I filled the four cases full to 1,260 rounds each plus loaded all of my magazines. That left me with a partial case and I put the Black Hills in with the remaining battle packs. So, it’s 6,880 rounds less what’s been shot up when I get a chance to shoot. Probably close to 6,000 rounds. My shotgun ammo is all cases, Remington LE shells, all low recoil. I have slugs and 00 buck. I bought 1,000 FMJ and 500 Gold Dot, both 230gr for the Colt pistol. I also got some .22 ammo from Wal-Mart for when the boys shoot the .22s.”

“Ready to go?”

“Lead the way.”

We drove around the property boundary, ergo, inside the white fence. I noted a couple of places I’d need to come back and add a nail to a board. For some reason known only to God and the former owner, the boards were on the inside of the posts. I had imagined it was so the horses wouldn’t push the boards off the posts. However, he never said anything about owning horses. The former owner’s new home was in Springfield and I can only imagine it was because a large city has more and/or better hospitals. I don’t know, he never came back and we have no idea how his wife did after her stroke.

“You boys want to go shooting tomorrow?”

“Can we?”

“I think I can get grandpa to dig out the rifle and revolver and let you shoot for a while. I brought one box of .22s.”

“Is that all?”

“Five hundred twenty five rounds.”

“Oh a big box, good.”

That evening Dave and I got out my 25 round magazines and loaded them up for the boys. Using the ten round magazines (I had two) would result in them spending more time reloading than shooting. We could probably keep up with them if we reloaded while they took turns shooting. The H&R 922 was a snap out cylinder and fairly easy to reload. I brought up the subject of the Vaqueros and the Marlin rifles.

“I don’t believe they’re quite ready for a .45-70 or a .45 Colt. If you want, we can take out one rifle and one revolver and let them try them.”

“Let them try what?”

“The rifles and revolvers dad and mom got for the boys.”

“I don’t think so Dave.”

“Why not Geena, they have to learn sometime. It’s better to know something about firearms than not, especially safe handling. We may not live in this ‘perfect little world’ forever, the boogie men might show up.”

“It’s all foolishness, this prepping thing of yours. Do you really think Russia or China will attack the US? They won’t because we’ll wipe them off the face of the earth. The only reasons those kids turn to gangs is because they’re disadvantaged.”

“And the only reason for illegal immigrants is because our borders aren’t high enough?”

“They seem to find work doing things that no one else will do.”

“Yeah, at less than the minimum wage.”

“Wait a minute you two, don’t let this go too far. Geena, Russia and or China could attack the US. I’m not saying that they will, but they could. China has more nuclear weapons than the United Kingdom and France combined. Russia has roughly parity with the

US. It almost happened once and who's to say it won't happen? It's unlikely, but not impossible. Kids join gangs for many reasons having nothing to do with their being disadvantaged. For some it's a status symbol and lets them step out of their everyday existence. Bush tried to do something about illegal immigration but Congress refused to pass it, blame the Congress. Dave and I go shooting every Saturday that it isn't raining and we don't have company. The safest firearm is unloaded in a gun safe. The next safest is a loaded firearm in the hands of a skilled marksman. Gee, I think I just made a speech."

"You said a mouthful Beth."

Beth had bit her tongue for too long on the issue of Geena's attitude about preparedness. David had been shooting guns for as long as I can remember, supervised at first and alone later. She expressed just her opinion on about everything where she disagreed with Geena. It could have gone in one ear and out the other, or, perhaps it might set Geena to thinking.

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"How do you do it?"

"How do I do what?"

"Have all the things you have, dad."

"We've always been frugal Dave, you remember that. Once we retired, we had two Social Security checks and two pension checks and very little expense. We don't run to town because we're out of something, we do without. Then, the next time we're in town, we stock up, buying double unless it's on sale; at which time we buy extra. Money that doesn't get spent accumulates in our account and when we want to buy something, we usually can just write a check. The garden cut a lot of our food expense and so did buying 2 hogs and ½ beef every year. We grow chickens and get eggs plus broilers."

"I wish we could do that. But, we have two growing boys and a third on the way. It's really hard to accumulate money."

"When we lived in Springfield, it was hard for us until the house was paid off. That's one of the reasons we were so frugal. Once the house was paid off, though, being frugal had its benefits. We kept living the same way that we had become accustomed to and most of the house payments went into savings. When we wanted this acreage, we had at least half the amount in the bank and more than the property cost when we sold our house."

"Home, not house."

“It was a house. Home is where the family is together, not some building. Some say home is where the heart is and I think that amounts to the same thing.”

“If something happens, what should we expect? I mean will another country attack us or more terrorists? What about global warming; there’s a real debate going on if we’re warming or cooling off.”

“The old saw is to prepare for the worst and hope for the best. The idea is that should something happen, you and your family would come here. We have most of what we’d need to maintain a decent standard of living for some time to come. There are a few things we don’t have, but have time to get like what’s in the two freezers. All we need to breed our own chickens is a rooster. We have two mares and a stallion so we can breed horses. We can trade horses for other things we need. We have enough firepower to fight a war or two, should it come to that. There might be some things I’d like, but I can’t get them so we’ll just have to do without.”

“For instance?”

“Hand grenades of various kinds, anti-tank rockets, maybe a 40mm grenade launcher and some grenades. They’re illegal and wouldn’t be worth the risk it would take to get them.”

“Want me to take the suppressor back home with me?”

“What suppressor?”

The next morning after breakfast and chores, we took the boys out shooting, plinking at cans at irregular intervals. The chores didn’t amount to much, some hay for the horses and scatter some chicken feed plus gather any eggs we found in the chicken house. The boys were getting good at their shooting with the .22s and I brought out my Marlin 1894 Cowboy and my Ruger Vaquero to let them try shooting those with cowboy loads.

The results were mixed. Both did reasonably well with the rifle, but the revolver proved to be too much of a handful for Ben. I had brought cowboy loads for the revolver and they’re a little less powerful. Included in those Winchesters I’d acquired was a rifle in .45 Colt, an Original Legacy 24”. In fact, I had one in each of the four calibers offered that year, .30-30, .357mag, .44mag and .45 Colt. I didn’t have matching handguns, yet; but before spring I would, Vaqueros with 5½” barrels (.357mag and .44mag). A .30-30 is primarily a deer rifle and sort of stands by itself.

The Seniors – Chapter 4

“I think if you give Ben another year and let his hands get a little bigger, he’ll do fine with the .45 Colt revolver. If that happens, who know what Santa might put under the tree for both boys?”

Times can change in the blink of an eye. Maybe Osama bin Laden is past his prime or dead, but there are millions of Muslims, many who would give anything, including their lives, to bring the ‘Great Satan’ to its knees. Those Mexican drug lords want an open border to serve us, their clientele. So far they haven’t had much trouble getting it in. If there were no customers, they wouldn’t be dealing drugs in the US, would they?

The reason I brought up those drug cartels was that on the day before Barack Obama was sworn in there was an article on one of the news wires.

(Reuters)MEXICO CITY - Indiscriminate kidnappings. Nearly daily beheadings. Gangs that mock and kill government agents.

This isn't Iraq or Pakistan. It's Mexico, which the US government and a growing number of experts say is becoming one of the world's biggest security risks.

The prospect that America's southern neighbor could melt into lawlessness provides an unexpected challenge to Barack Obama's new government. In its latest report anticipating possible global security risks, the US Joint Forces Command lumps Mexico and Pakistan together as being at risk of a "rapid and sudden collapse."

"The Mexican possibility may seem less likely, but the government, its politicians, police and judicial infrastructure are all under sustained assault and pressure by criminal gangs and drug cartels," the command said in the report published Nov. 25.

"How that internal conflict turns out over the next several years will have a major impact on the stability of the Mexican state."

Retiring CIA chief Michael Hayden told reporters on Friday that that Mexico could rank alongside Iran as a challenge for Obama - perhaps a greater problem than Iraq.

The US Justice Department said last month that Mexican gangs are the "biggest organized crime threat to the United States." National security adviser Stephen Hadley said last week that the worsening violence threatens Mexico's very democracy.

Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff recently told The New York Times he ordered additional border security plans to be drawn up this summer as kidnappings and killings spilled into the US.

The alarm is spreading to the private sector as well. Mexico, Latin America's second biggest economy and the United States' third biggest oil supplier, is one of the top 10 global risks for 2009 identified by the Eurasia Group, a New York-based consulting firm. Mexico is brushing aside the US concerns, with Interior Secretary Fernando Gomez-Mont saying Wednesday: "It seems inappropriate to me that you would call Mexico a security risk. There are problems in Mexico that are being dealt with, that we can continue to deal with, and that's what we are doing."

Still, Obama faces a dramatic turnaround compared with the last time a new US president moved into the White House. When George W. Bush was elected in 2000, the nation of 110 million had just chosen Vicente Fox as president in its fairest election ever, had ended 71 years of one-party rule and was looking forward to a stable, democratic future.

Fox signaled readiness to take on the drug cartels, but plunged them into a power vacuum by arresting their leaders, and gangs have been battling each other for territory ever since.

Felipe Calderon, who succeeded Fox in 2006, immediately sent troops across the country to try to regain control. But soldiers and police are outgunned and outnumbered, and cartels have responded with unprecedented violence.

Mob murders doubled from 2007, taking more than 5,300 lives last year. The border cities of Juarez and Tijuana wake up each morning to find streets littered with mutilated, often headless bodies. Some victims are dumped outside schools. Most are just wrapped in a cheap blanket and tossed into an empty lot.

Many bodies go unclaimed because relatives are too afraid to come forward. Most killings go unsolved.

Warring cartels still control vast sections of Mexico, despite Calderon's two-year crackdown, and have spawned an all-pervasive culture of violence. No one is immune.

Businesses have closed because they can't afford to pay monthly extortion fees to local thugs. The rich have fled to the US to avoid one of the world's highest kidnapping rates. Many won't leave their homes at night.

The government has launched an intensive housecleaning effort after high-level security officials were accused of being on the take from the Sinaloa cartel. And several soldiers fighting the gangs were kidnapped, beheaded and dumped in southern Mexico last month with the warning: "For every one of mine that you kill, I will kill 10."

But the US government is extremely supportive of the Mexican president, recently handing over \$400 million in anti-drug aid. Obama met briefly with Calderon in Washington last week and promised to fight the illegal flow south of US weapons that arm the Mexican cartels.

While fewer Americans are willing to drive across the border for margaritas and handi-crafts, visitors are still flocking to other parts of Mexico. And the economy seems harder hit by the global crisis than by the growing violence.

The grim assessments from north of the border got wide play in the Mexican media but came as no surprise to people here. Many said the solution lies in getting the US to give more help and let in more migrant workers who might otherwise turn to the drug trade to make a living.

Otherwise the drug wars will spill ever more heavily into America, said Manuel Infante, an architect. "There is a wave of barbarity that is heading toward the US," he said. "We are an uncomfortable neighbor."

There was a second story the same day talking about vigilantes killing the drug gang members. *"We cannot tolerate the presence of these types of faceless, anonymous groups," said Manuel del Castillo, a spokesman for the state government.* When a government cannot protect its people, eventually the people will take the law into their own hands.

And, come to think about it, so are the illegals. Apparently we didn't have enough trouble and had to import some. They took off after Sunday lunch because Dave wanted to be in Little Rock well before dark.

"How did the boys do with the large guns?"

"Both did well on the rifle but Ben's hands are a little small for the Vaquero. Give him a year and he'll grow into it. That was quite the speech you made to Geena."

"I should have done it years ago but didn't want to get in the middle of anything. Do you think we are foolish to prep?"

"If we had the money, I'd probably buy more LTS food. Don't get me wrong, we're not hurting on money; but, I have some things I want."

"Like what?"

"I want matching revolvers for my .357 and .44 magnum rifles."

"I want a 5.56 that doesn't jam when it gets a little dirty. We should go shopping and find one."

"I couldn't agree to that."

"But you can agree to buy yourself two more revolvers? How fair is that?"

“Totally fair because I ordered you a HK MR-556. You’re on a waiting list but you’ll have it the minute it comes in and we can put up the Bushmaster as a backup rifle. It uses STANAG magazines so we won’t need to buy any magazines unless we find some at a bargain price.”

“When are you going to buy the revolvers?”

“Hopefully before spring. I don’t want to let the balance in the account get below \$3,000.”

“What did it cost?”

“I don’t know; probably as much or more as the Bushmaster.”

“When you do get it, order the HK magazines.”

“Dave wants me to keep an eye out for two more used Honda ATVs. He said to call him if I found some. Does the hatchery have a date when the chicks will be available?”

“They said around mid-April on.”

“Should we buy extra? Might not be a bad idea to have a gross rather than 8-10 dozen.”

“If we can get them into the freezer, we might as well.”

“I’d also like to get some pullets and roosters and keep them separate from the main flock. I want to try our hand at breeding more chickens.”

“Why not grow some fish.”

“It’s more convenient to buy them in a store.”

“We could grow Tilapia in a large stock tank and feed them night crawlers. A story I read on Frugal’s talked about raising rabbits and allowing their dropping to fall into a worm bed and then using the worms to feed the Tilapia.”

“I’m not sure I want to do that.”

“Why not, it wouldn’t be much work and we’d add rabbit and fish to our diet.”

“Only fish; I’m not partial to rabbit.”

“I’m sure someone would take them or buy them if they were dressed. What’s your objection to rabbit, ever eat it?”

“Not that I remember.”

“Try it, you might like it.”

A Washington newspaper had an article about some plot that had been upset against the president. Did those plotters think we'd be any different under Biden? America is a nation where, much of the time, we agree to disagree. The far left liberals have one agenda while the far right conservatives have another and rarely do the twain meet. They meet when an outsider makes a move against America. Like on December 7, 1941 or like just after September 11, 2001.

Our new president was trying, very trying some would say. Others spent their time picking him apart rather than supporting the institution. The office of president is an institution, just as are the judicial branch and the legislative branch. No president is Superman with a red cape and blue uniform; he/she is just a person trying to lead the country in the way they see fit, right or wrong. We seniors have seen presidents come and go. In my lifetime, there was Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush, Clinton, Bush and now Obama. If I live a while longer I should see a new one and the odds are he/she will be a Republican or a Democrat.

I had to laugh at the presidential oath of office. The Chief Justice said, "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will execute the Office of President of the United States faithfully, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." The actual oath written in the Constitution is "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The flub was by the Chief Justice who tried to wing it. That caused the new president problems because he obviously had memorized the properly worded oath. I watched the coverage of the Inauguration on Fox, well into the night, a first for me. I didn't vote for the guy. However he is my president until someone replaces him because I am a patriotic American.

I voted for Bush Jr. twice, but found him to be a bit bullheaded. As I said, each one has his/her own agenda. We the people have examples in both parties of presidents who didn't represent our best interests. Give the man a little time; if he's a bum, the truth will out. He didn't get the best start by suspending the military tribunals at Guantanamo. Some of his other decisions in the so important 'first hundred days' were just as bad, if not worse.

He thinks he can negotiate with Iran. No president has been able to do that since Reagan and he released 10 billion in impounded Iranian funds to secure the release of our hostages. Years ago, someone said to me, 'I could give a care what you think'. The man never used a cuss word in all the time I knew him and that was the closest he could come to saying, 'I don't give a damn what you think'.

The Seniors – Chapter 5

As long as the president leaves me and mine alone, I'll do the same. I think there's more to worry about than who the president is. Russia and China come to mind and in the Western Hemisphere, Mexico and Venezuela. And don't forget the report that al Qaeda lost about 40 or so of its members after experiencing a leak in a biological or chemical weapon in Algeria. One source suggested it might have been the bubonic plague, the 'Black Death'.

There is enough trouble in the world without going looking for it. We have enough people who wish us harm without pushing any buttons. Do you want a sneak preview? Mexican police and soldiers crossing our border chasing suspects; that report about al Qaeda, the Afghans wanting to dictate to the US and NATO concerning how we prosecute the war; and, Iraq indicating they wouldn't mind if we leave early. Any economic stimulus the government uses to restore the economy will be seen as having failed to work. That's because many of the programs have a lead time of 2-4 years. Our new president will be seen as a failure in his efforts to restore the economy. If the new president's first hours and days in office were any indication of his first four years, we're in trouble.

"Dad, this is Dave. Are you still interested in those things that you said you couldn't get because the risk was too big?"

"What are you talking about?"

"The hand grenades of various kinds, anti-tank rockets, a 40mm grenade launcher and some grenades."

"Well of course I am but you can't build those on your lathe."

"There is an arsenal in Pine Bluff primarily dedicated to destroying chemical weapons, have you heard of it?"

"Pine Bluff Arsenal? Sure, what about it?"

"They have some of the things you mentioned, do you still want them?"

"We're not that long on cash at the moment."

"That isn't what I asked."

"In that case, the answer is yes. How is this going to work?"

"I'm found someone in dire need of cash to pay off some gambling debts. I told him what I wanted and he said their security people used most of those things. He said it

would take a few weeks to assemble what I want and wanted payment for each partial delivery.”

“Do you have enough cash?”

“If I get into the money for the ATVs, yes.”

“How about we buy the ATVs and you buy the ordnance. We can settle up when you bring the stuff up.”

“It will probably be June or July.”

“No matter; at least we’ll have the stuff. Try to get it by the case or carton. What does he have available?”

“Three crates of the old M72 LAW from the Vietnam era or shortly thereafter. Any color of smoke grenade you want plus concussion and fragmentation grenades.”

“Which frag?”

“The lemon shaped ones. He said they’re obsolete. The offensive grenades are Mk3A2s.”

“Does he have any Thermite?”

“No but he does have Thermate. They’re called the AN-M14 TH3.”

“How about demolition kits, the M183s?”

“Are they Army issue?”

“No, Marine Corps issue, but I’m sure Army engineers have something similar; like the SLAM or PAM.”

“I try to get all I can. Once he’s paid off his gambling debt I doubt he’ll continue to sell ordnance.”

I think Dave was wrong for a couple of reasons. First, gambling is addictive and if that soldier was in trouble over gambling debts, he would soon be in trouble for the same problem. Point two, having gotten away with selling the ordnance he’d be very tempted to continue. We’d continue to get ordnance until he got caught. And, knowing Dave the soldier could never reveal who he was because the soldier wouldn’t know.

I was beginning to get an awful feeling in my gut that suggested whatever bad that would happen was going to happen sooner rather than later. Beth and I checked over all of our preparations and ordered two more deluxe food packages from Walton Feed

for priority delivery. We went to Springfield and she shopped for baby clothes from new born to about age two. Not knowing if Geena would get her daughter or have a third boy, she mostly stuck with yellow. We also loaded up on cloth diapers and any infant food with a long shelf life.

After the dust settled over us having our first black president, the country divided clearly into two camps, the sheeple who weren't a bit worried, and the preppers. With the bad economy, even the preppers were hard pressed to buy more preps and while firearms and ammo remained unavailable or high priced the demand for food items had fallen. We received the food shipment within three weeks.

"Do you think we should get a third freezer?"

"I don't think so Beth. Money is limited and I really want to get those revolvers. Unless you can think of a way to do both, I'd say no."

"We could buy used Dave. I saw an ad in the paper and they aren't asking much for their freezer, \$175."

"If it's not already gone, buy it. I think we can squeak by for one month."

"Why one month?"

"I'll need more ammo for the two new revolvers. Maybe I can find some that are used, but in good condition. We have the money, but I don't want the balance too low."

"Did you finish with the worm bed and tilapia tank?"

"Yes and I've stocked the tank. Those fish sure do like the worms."

"Any rabbits big enough to butcher?"

"Not yet, thank God."

It remained to be seen if I'd like the fish but surely some of us would and I could eat macaroni and cheese if nothing else. The fish were temperature sensitive and I had a heater on the tank to keep the water at 84° plus or minus 2 degrees. Supposedly they grew fast and got fairly big so we'd have to see what this experiment resulted in. I couldn't plant their favorite diet, aquatic plants, in the tank so they would have to live on the worms.

Tame rabbit might not be like wild rabbit when it came to taste. Surely the tame rabbits wouldn't have that gamey taste I despised. No matter what people say, the only thing that tastes like chicken is chicken. The advantage to rabbits was that they could be grown in a cage and fed a proper diet readily available from the feed and grain. I

wouldn't mind raising turkeys but heard they could be a pain in the butt. It was far easier to simply buy them from the grocery store.

Beth and I picked the new 'used' freezer, another large chest type. We managed to get it in the basement using the outside entrance after much grunting and groaning. She then announced she had called the meat market and ordered more hams and bacon slabs. We could go now or wait until tomorrow. I told her we'd go today, provided I could stop by the gun shop on the way and get my two revolvers. She wasn't the only person in the house who knew how to dial a phone and order things.

I picked up the two used Vaqueros, 2,000 rounds of ammo for each and the generic gun belts I'd asked him to order. I could be Tom Mix in several calibers if I so chose. The meat market had a case of 6 Pullman hams, two full cases of cure 81 hams and 8 slabs of bacon. Between the gun store and the meat market, the checkbook balance was almost zero. Not really though, because there was still \$1,000 in the account that was never included in the balance. That was a trick I picked up a long time ago so we were never really out of money. Our Social Security and pension checks were due next week and would restore much of the balance in the bank.

We paid the few bills we had, topped off the tanks and did some minor grocery shopping to pick up some sale items. We still had a fair amount of money so I went looking for used ATVs like I promised Dave I would. I found one that looked about like the two I bought for us. It needed work but seemed to be mechanically sound. I bought it planning on doing the same to it that I did to the previous two. I hadn't painted our two yet, but had sanded the rust and applied the body putty and then sanded again and primed them.

I had a project to work on for a few weeks after that, getting the third ATV ready to paint. The following month, we paid the bills, topped off the tanks and did the usual shopping for sale items. We had more money left this time and I found a fourth ATV to buy and bought it plus the parts the third one needed. The four ATVs were all 2008 Honda FourTrax Recon's. The previous owners of those four ATVs were probably kids because they weren't well cared for.

"I guess I'm ready to paint the four ATVs."

"What color?"

"I don't know, maybe some Real tree camouflage pattern. With our terrain, maybe I'll paint it with a pattern similar to the Advantage Max-4 HD. It won't be the same, just awfully close."

"What will you need?"

"About a dozen spray cans of paint."

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“Dave called and wants you to call him back.”

“Dave, this is your dad, you called?”

“I have the remainder of the things we wanted, the M203 to mount on the Bushmaster, the 40mm stuff, HEDP mostly, and the Thermate.”

“Well, I have your two ATVs all fixed up and ready to paint. I’m going to use a camouflage pattern of some kind.”

“How about we come up next weekend?”

“Getting nervous with all of that ordnance in your garage?”

“I’m not, but Geena is beside herself with worry. I’ve managed to load it into my trailer in front of the usual contents, but had to pull out the food.”

“We’ll see you next weekend. I’d better build a bunker for what you’re bringing.”

I picked up the paint and had the ATVs painted quickly. Then I used the tractor to loosen the dirt where I’d put the bunker. I managed three layers before my back gave out. While I rested, I called the lumberyard and order the concrete block and mortar. By Friday, I had the blocks laid and the bunker covered, needing only the front hatch which I intended to make from road plate. I’d located the plate and they said they’d deliver it late Friday. Dave could help me install it and we could unload his trailer.

We didn’t shoot Saturday because the kids were coming. The road plate had been dropped right next to the bunker entrance and I had the concrete bolts I intended to use to hold it in place. I’d used a saw and cut out a door with it then attached with heavy duty hinges and bolted a latch and plate on for the padlock, a four number combo lock. I set the lock to the first four numbers of my social security number. I had also drilled the holes for the bolts, working late into the evening.

“Wow that was quick. You built that between Monday and today?”

“All it needs is the plate attached. If you help me we can set it in place and spray the bolt holes to mark the concrete and then install the bolts.”

“How heavy is that plate?”

“One inch.”

The Seniors – Chapter 6

“That wasn’t what I meant, how much does it weigh?”

“It weighs too much to just pick up and hold in place. We’ll use the loader to lift it into place. I’d imagine Geena will be happy to be rid of the ordnance.”

“I just told her it was smoke grenades, she has no idea what’s really in the trailer. By the way, the baby is a girl. I guess that means we can quit now.”

“We bought some new baby clothes so you two should take them with you when you go home.”

“Pink?”

“Yellow.”

We worked for about 3 hours securing the plate in place and began to unload the trailer. Dave had managed 3 cases of white smoke and one case of each of the available colors (red, green and violet). There were indeed 45 LAW rockets, a M203 and several cases of 40mm grenades. He had several cases each of M61, Mk3A2 and one case of AN-M14 TH3. All of that ordnance would make one hell of a bang if it got set off, thus the bunker.

He was extremely happy with the ATVs and it turned out he owed me rather than the other way around. He told me it would be about 3-4 months before he could pay the balance. I decided to mount the M203 on the new MR-556 rifle as soon as I picked it up. The dealer had called Thursday and said it had arrived. I asked Dave if he could make a suppressor for the new rifle. He said he’d make the suppressor, but would have to see the rifle before he could figure out how to attach it. He didn’t know anyone at H&K.

It later turned out that the M203 would be difficult to mount on the MR-556 so I mounted it on the Bushmaster. It would appear that we would have one grenadier in our ensemble still armed with the Bushmaster. That might be the perfect weapon for Geena if we could get her to learn to shoot a firearm. Surprisingly, she talked to Beth about learning to shoot, for safety’s sake, after the baby was born. She was as big as a barn and the baby was due anytime now.

Rather than having us come down when the baby, Shelia, was born, they came up here. Geena had a couple of pink outfits, but most were those yellow outfits Beth bought. Dave handed me a check saying he’d pick up some extra work. That surprised me concerning how high the unemployment was. He also had a Surefire clone suppressor for the MR-556. He said he’d mail me the adapter and I should screw it into the silencer and then screw the silencer on the flashhider threads. It would not only make the firearm quiet, it was a far superior flashhider. He also told me to be sure and tighten the set screw so the silencer would stay attached.

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I guess we're about as ready for WW III as a family can be; come on, I dare you. It is sometimes said to be careful what you wish for because God has a sense of humor. I can tell you that it wasn't WW III, but in some ways nearly as bad. The initial reports came from the CDC announcing that there was suspected bubonic plague in several of our large cities. The president immediately grounded all airlines and halted all train and bus travel.

In modern times, several classes of antibiotics are effective in treating bubonic plague. These include the aminoglycosides streptomycin and gentamicin, the tetracyclines tetracycline and doxycycline, chloramphenicol (Pneumonic) and ciprofloxacin (Bubonic). Patients with plague in the modern era usually recover completely with prompt diagnosis and treatment. Our medical supplies included both doxycycline (rotated yearly) and ciprofloxacin. The rare Septicemic Plague is caused by something like a rodent bite and you may die before symptoms present.

Dave and Geena arrived about 3 hours after we first heard the news of possible plague. He said they heard at work and he called Geena and told her to get around, he'd pull the boys out of school. He had the adapter with him because he hadn't had a chance to mail it. I can only say one thing about my new suppressor, nice. They were pulling the trailer and had the meat from their freezer in two large coolers. We added it to the 'new' freezer.

"Do you remember that story on the news around when Obama took office?"

"Which story?"

"The one about al Qaeda having a problem with a chemical or biological weapon in Algeria?"

"Vaguely, they never said what kind of weapon."

"I now believe that it may have been the bubonic plague. It would be much easier to spread that than to hijack 4 airliners and crash them into some tall buildings."

"A poor man's atom bomb?"

"That applies both to biological and chemical weapons but the biological weapons are probably more effective. If it is bubonic plague, it can progress to pneumonic plague and become highly infectious. Pneumonic plague is not vector-borne like bubonic plague; instead it can be spread from person to person. Maybe what we're dealing with is pneumonic, not bubonic plague. With pneumonic plague, the first signs of illness are fever, headache, weakness, and rapidly developing pneumonia with shortness of breath, chest pain, cough, and sometimes bloody or watery sputum. The pneumonia

progresses for 2 to 4 days and may cause respiratory failure and shock. Without early treatment, patients will die. You treat it with Streptomycin, gentamicin, the tetracyclines, or chloramphenicol.”

“What do you have?”

“Cipro and doxycycline.”

“Will they work?”

“Sure will. I believe we should quarantine ourselves for a few days while this thing works itself out.”

“I took vacation and told them that I didn’t know when I’d be back. The company gives you your vacation pay in advance and I use direct deposit. We should have some money in the account in addition to what I paid you.”

“Your mother pulled a ham out of the freezer when she saw you pulling in; how does ham, mashed potatoes and a vegetable sound?”

“Good, I’m hungry.”

“We’ll make some tuna sandwiches for lunch, ok?”

“Sure.”

“I think Christmas is going to come early this year Dave. I’m going to give the boys their rifles and revolvers. You can take them shooting after lunch using some of those cowboy loads.”

The gun belts were universal, fitting a 36” waist but having enough holes to go down to a 26” waist. There were two slides to hold the extra belt in place. There were enough of the Marlins and Vaqueros to outfit Geena too since they only had 2 big boys and Shelia.

“Were there any reports of plague in Little Rock?”

“We listened to the radio as long as we could while driving here. None of the Little Rock stations said anything about any signs of infection there although they did report the CDC story several times.”

“I listened to KOMG from Springfield, that classic country FM station. They only made one announcement about the CDC announcement and said that there were no signs of it in Springfield.”

“What about Branson?”

“I haven’t turned on the TV and I don’t pay any attention to Branson World Radio.”

“It would make sense; a lot of people come to Branson.”

“They come through Branson Springfield Airport. If it flew in, it should be in Springfield too.”

“But...”

“Pneumonic plague is highly contagious Dave. If it flew into the airport, people in Springfield should have it. Since the CDC made the announcement, everyone with so much as a cold have been showing up in emergency rooms.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“That’s just the way people are. I doubt we’ll have to maintain the quarantine long; we don’t get the plague in this area of the country. It’s most prevalent in the southwest. Anyone coming down with the plague will probably have pneumonic plague and with treatment the death rate is only about 14%.”

“It’s a bacterium, right?”

“Yes, *Y. Pestis*. I checked the CDC and they were talking about al Qaeda and pneumonic plague in Algeria. I wonder if that is the same case that we heard about on Inauguration Day.”

“Bring the website up again and check.”

“I tried and I couldn’t find the thing I thought I read, it must have been some other website.”

“Getting old dad?”

“Must be.”

◦

We turned on the TV and watched the Fox channel. They were reporting, among other things, ongoing reports concerning outbreaks of the plague. The CDC confirmed that it was the pneumonic plague, not the bubonic or septicemic plague. The pneumonic form was perhaps the most dangerous because it didn’t need a vector (the fleas). They were recommending isolation among other things because this form was transmitted by person to person contact. The outbreak was compounded by the group of people susceptible to spring colds, many of the symptoms being similar to some degree. An additional step in the diagnosis was required to distinguish between the two.

We continued our self-imposed quarantine for four weeks. By then, Dave was out of paid vacation and there had been no new outbreaks in Little Rock for some time. There had been a few, but authorities met incoming airliners and quarantined the passengers and flight crews. With all airplanes grounded, it quickly became a non-issue.

By the time the four weeks had passed, both boys were doing very well with both the Marlin rifles and the Ruger Vaqueros. During the third week, Beth managed to get Geena out to the range and shooting the Bushmaster. She followed up by teaching Geena the use and care of the Browning Hi-Power. I dug through my gun case and found a 9mm pistol she could use until we could get her a Hi-Power. When they returned home, Geena had the Bushmaster and the pistol, a Glock model 17 that I didn't care for. Dave asked if the gun were a gift or a loan and I told him to take his pick. He said they'd keep it rather than buying the Hi-Power because Geena liked it. He would pick up two additional 17 round magazines bringing the total to 5.

Beth and I discussed the situation and decided to buy additional firearms. We wanted two Vaqueros and four Marlin cowboys (2-1894; 2-1895) for Dave and Geena. I suggested a spare Browning Hi-Power or two and assault rifles for the boys. Beth objected saying that if we were buying for the boys, we should be buying for Sheila too. I called the dealer and told him what I wanted. The Bushmasters were on backorder and he didn't know when he'd get more. Most of the guns I mentioned except for the Marlins and Rugers were unavailable, but he'd get those in right away. I placed orders for the other guns I wanted and told him to call me when they came in.

Back tracking to locate the source of the infection revealed that it was brought in by a Palestinian. The government didn't disclose whether she had ties to al Qaeda. As the days passed and the new president continued to implement his agenda, more and more people became concerned. The renewal of the assault weapons ban made it through Congress and he signed it in front of MSM cameras. It wasn't immediately effective and I called my gun dealer asking what he COULD get before the AWB went into effect. The only things available in large quantities were Springfield Armory M1As. If I wanted pistols, he could get Glock 17s, 21s and 22s.

Beth and I decided to go with the Glock 17s and the M1A Loaded, ergo, the guns that he actually had in stock. He also had 124gr Lawman and Gold Dot +P and we purchased more to go with the new pistols. The only .308 NATO he had in stock was Bear and Winchester. Although the Winchester cost about 3 times as much as the Bear, we bought American. We had been saving in anticipation of the Bushmaster rifles and Browning Hi-Powers so we actually had the money. The upside was that the M1A rifles were main battle rifles and much more powerful. The 9mm pistols were selected in consideration of the sizes of the hands that would be holding them.

The Seniors – Chapter 7

Everyone now had, or would soon have, a semiautomatic rifle, a lever action rifle, a revolver and a pistol. The dealer said he could also get shotguns because they weren't part of the AWB. We opted to order Mossberg 590A1s. Those, he said, would be banned but he'd get them in immediately. Interestingly, the 590 wasn't banned, only the Marine Corps version.

In addition to various rifles, certain shotguns and pistols (like the HK USP) were banned. Military caliber ammo was subjected to limits and reporting of the names of the purchasers to the BATFE by the sellers. That applied to all ammo in military calibers, even the 8mm Mauser (7.92x57mm).

Once the existence of pneumonic plague was known and known to be in more than one location, doctors changed their assumptions about what was wrong with people. Common symptoms were the cough, fever and headache. However, the plague also included homoplysis (coughing up blood from the bronchi, larynx, trachea, or lungs), weakness, and rapidly developing pneumonia with shortness of breath, chest pain, cough, and sometimes bloody or watery sputum. Streptomycin was readily available to those that needed it. Without treatment within the first 24 hours, the survival rate was very low.

There arose a black market in which military calibers freely flowed, at a price. We had all of our weapons in our possession before the AWB became effective. However, the new list included 5.56x45mm and 7.62x51 caliber firearms including even bolt action rifles in the so called military calibers. The new president directed the BATFE to secure all 4473s from the gun dealers and to pick up any illegal arms. By Executive Order, he banned all military caliber ammo.

This inevitably led to acts of insurrection. Not organized acts, but individual acts, the totality of which constituted an insurrection that failed to fall within the purview of the Insurrection Act of 1807, as amended. The acts were principally aimed at Democratic members of the government and a few Republicans. *Alea Jacta Est*. It wasn't Caesar crossing the Rubicon, it was probably more significant. The crossing of a small stream in northern Italy in 49BC became one of ancient history's most pivotal events. From it sprang the Roman Empire and the genesis of modern European culture. Today, when someone is said to have "crossed the Rubicon," it means that they have crossed the point of no return, or have burned their bridges behind them. The die has been cast and there's no turning back. When Caesar crossed the Rubicon, there was absolutely nothing he could do to turn back the clock; the war had begun. Caesar wasn't headed north; he was headed south to Rome and brought his legions in violation of the law.

"Dad? This is Dave. It appears that there's no plague here in Little Rock. What's your take on the latest news?"

"Which news?"

"I'm talking about people taking on the government. We've had 4 Federal officers killed in the last 24 hours. It doesn't seem to be a concerted effort or particularly organized. Someone shot a US Marshal in the back of the head with a 9mm handgun. Someone else killed a federal Department of Agriculture employee using a 7.62x39mm rifle. Another employee was shot with a gun using the .308 NATO round and finally, a TSA employee was shot. So far the Little Rock Police have no leads on the shooters. There has been some talk about the Governor calling out the National Guard and possibly declaring martial law. Can he do that?"

"Hmm, can the Governor declare martial law? He can call up the National Guard to restore civil order. It goes without saying that under martial law, a curfew is imposed, usually from dusk to dawn. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it. That's in the Constitution Dave. However the National Guard is under the control of the Governor unless they've been nationalized so I suppose he can call out the Guard to restore order like the Governor of California did during the Rodney King Riots."

"We're coming up this weekend and bringing our firearms. Since some of ours violate the new AWB, I'd like you to secure them for us."

"Say, on the subject of guns, I bought some more for your family."

"What?"

"Glock 17s, M1A loaded standards and Mossberg 590A1s."

"Do I need to buy ammo?"

"I sort of got carried away and cornered the market in several calibers. You might give some thought to more of the 7.62 suppressors but I doubt you can have them ready in time for this weekend."

"I've made several and was thinking about selling them to some of my friends. This is better and will keep it in the family. Anything else?"

"Is that soldier still available?"

"He's in the stockade."

"Never mind, we'll have to get by. I was thinking about a M107 and some of the Mk211 and M1022 ammo."

"They're illegal or at least the civilian versions are."

"Never mind, there are less expensive civilian .50 caliber rifles."

“Well, I see what I can do, but you’d better talk to your gun store and see if they can get one.”

“They can, but the cheapest I could find was close to four grand without the scope.”

“And you want the whole enchilada, right?”

“Yes, including the ammo I mentioned.”

“What is so special about that?”

“The Mk211MP is HEIAP made by Raufoss and loaded in this country by Winchester. It’s expensive, about seven-fifty a round and the BATFE construes it as a destructive device.”

“Now I know what you’re talking about. I’ll try, but no promises. Maybe I can trade a couple of suppressors for a rifle and ammo.”

“That would be an uneven trade. I doubt anyone would go for it.”

“I think I may know a guy who could arrange it, I’ll let you know before we come up. If I can’t, you’d better find that rifle quick.”

“Anything not on the books is better than stuff that’s on 4473s.”

“Know something I don’t?”

“I do, tell you this weekend.”

“Who was that honey?”

“Our son with news from Little Rock. There have been 4 federal employees killed down there in the past 24 hours. He said the Governor might activate the Guard and declare martial law. I told him about the guns we bought; well part of them anyway. I asked him for more 7.62mm suppressors and he apparently made more than two. I also brought up finding a .50 caliber rifle and some ammo. He’s looking into it but no promises.”

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A .50BMG rifle would be illegal too because it was a military caliber. The BATFE also construes M61 and Mk3A2 hand grenades as destructive devices as well as the M72 LAWs. That also applied to the M183 demolition kits Dave had acquired. If we got caught, they lock us up and weld the doors shut. For all practical purposes we were as well as or better armed than a National Guard unit. The only thing we lacked was automatic weapons. Automatic weapons might be nice in limited circumstances, but 99% of

the time there was nothing wrong with a semi auto. That said, the new AWB eliminated ALL semi auto firearms including semi auto shotguns and pistols.

The problems with an organized insurgency are that others know of the actions you've taken and even if they can't convict you of that activity, you can be charged with and convicted of a conspiracy. A conspiracy has minimal legal elements: In the criminal law, a conspiracy is an agreement between natural persons to break the law at some time in the future, and, in some cases, with at least one overt act in furtherance of that agreement. There is no limit on the number participating in the conspiracy and, in most countries, no requirement that any steps have been taken to put the plan into effect.

The motto of a sniper is, 'one shot, one kill'. If said sniper acts totally alone without anyone's knowledge, there is no conspiracy, only a murder. Why is that important? If they can't find the firearm, they can't connect you to the crime excluding an eyewitness. A properly conducted sniper action leaves no witness(s). What would a witness say?

"I saw someone in a burlap suit which concealed his face and body. He was about 6' tall and the rifle didn't make much noise.

"What kind of rifle?"

"I couldn't really tell he was a long ways off."

"Show me where he was when he shot."

"I'll show you where he was when I saw him, will that do?"

"It's a start."

"Recognize the boot pattern?"

"I've seen it before."

"Where?"

"Wal-Mart sells that boot; you see them all of the time."

"See any brass?"

"He must have picked up after himself. Maybe the bullet will help?"

The Black Hills 168gr match bullet leaves few distinctive marks because the round flattens when it enters the human body. You can tell the caliber and maybe the manufacturer. Does Black Hills make their own bullets, inquiring minds want to know. I suspect they use Sierra MatchKing bullets. The 165gr soft point appears to be the Sierra GameKing.

They arrived around noon on Saturday. We did a gun exchange although all the rifles would end up being stored here. Each had a tag for the owner. Dave had the rifle but no ammo. He thought he'd have it within the week and if it came in, Beth and I should drive down to Little Rock and pick it up. After comparing the amount of money we spent compared to what he spent, he came out a bit ahead. Once he got the ammo, the shoe would be on the other foot and he said they really needed the money.

Dave brought 4 suppressors with adapters and we installed them all. We were gun poor at the moment but our money was coming in again next week. He wouldn't tell me who his new source was other than he was the guy who turned in his former source. He suspected the new guy had done that to take over his former source's business. He was willing to part with the .50 caliber ammo for \$1 per round. On Monday, Beth and I went to the bank and took out a loan using our gold coins as security. The loan was for \$8,000, the approximate price of the ammo I wanted. The bank transferred the money to Dave's Little Rock account.

"Dave, the bank wired eight grand to your account to cover the cost of the ammo. Concentrate on getting the Mk211; we can always pick up some match grade ball later."

"I'll call the guy and arrange for delivery. I think 8 grand will be close enough, he's very greedy."

"Deliver it where? You don't want him to know your name or where you live in case he gets caught."

"I have that covered, but thanks for the thought. Are you coming down next weekend?"

"Yes we are. I'm going to put the topper on the pickup so we can protect the contents. We'll be there around 1 on Saturday."

"What about your livestock?"

"We can turn the horses out and put out extra chicken feed. We don't plan on staying the night, maybe next time."

What Dave actually got was 35 cans of the Mk211 and 30 cans of the M1022, probably a lifetime supply. More than a lifetime supply, perhaps, because the acreage was really short on defenses. I'd been thinking about what we could do and not risk the horses. The only thing I came up with was building small concrete bunkers covered over with a manhole cover.

For the next 3 months while the insurgency grew, Beth and I saved our money to repay the loan and to pay for a tunnel along the frontage of the property with the road. The property was rectangular, 2 acres wide by 5 acres deep, giving us a frontage of just 417'. We decided to put one bunker every 60' making for a total of 7 bunkers. We con-

tracted it done and the tunnel was made of corrugated oval pipe. The bunkers were poured concrete with a dirt floor. A few sandbags were filled using some of the leftover dirt and put in the bunkers. We also added one case of MREs and a five gallon water container and a box for the shorter people to stand on. Ammo could be moved through the tunnel as needed, assuming it was ever needed. We were far enough from Branson and enough off the beaten path we might be able to avoid a shootout.

The Seniors – Chapter 8

There was a bunker on each end of the tunnel and one every ~60'. I cut up plywood to lie on tunnel floor so I could pull our little red wagon filled with ammo either direction. It was either direction because one bunker was right in front of the house and one to the south with the remainder being to the north. The next project was to move the gun safe and ordnance somewhere that no one would find it. I dug down next to the shelter and built a small room using concrete block up against one wall of the shelter. I carefully removed blocks from the shelter wall leaving a slightly jagged opening.

Inside the shelter I mounted a new bookcase onto the wall using a heavy duty piano hinge. I used a standard bolt lock with a twist, you had to hinge up one back panel to reach the bolt. To explain why the bookcase wouldn't move, I added several short bolts where the bookcase was 'bolted' to the wall. Beth helped me move everything to our new armory except one single action revolver and one Winchester rifle apiece. I took the .44 and she took the .357. Her ammo was evenly divided between 158gr SJHP and 158gr SJSP. My ammo was the same except the bullets were 240gr.

So far they hadn't outlawed single action revolvers or lever action carbines. Dave and Geena had taken back their new 'legal' arms when they returned home and they each had a .45-70 and a .45 Colt rifle plus a .45 Colt Vaquero. Except for Sheila, of course; you can't teach them to shoot until they're out of diapers. I think we were pushing it with Ben as far as the revolver went, but he was game and never complained.

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"Dad, Dave, I need some advice."

"What's up Dave?"

"With economy in the toilet, the company isn't getting as many orders and they've cut everyone from 40 hours per week to 32 hours per week. We weren't getting that far ahead on my 40 hour pay, especially with the inflation we've seen on food prices. What should I do?"

"That's 32 hours for sure, is it? You still get full benefits like medical?"

"That's what they said."

"Keep the job, a good job will be hard to find and it's likely that a small company like yours will remember who stuck with them through this. I'll have to talk with your mother, but I think we can make up what you come up short, at least for the short term. Don't go off selling things just to make ends meet."

"If push comes to shove, can we have the trailer pulled up there?"

“Of course, we’ll try to set some money aside to pay for that, it won’t be cheap.”

The problem with the economic stimulus package was just what the CBO said it was, the money wouldn’t be spent for about three years, probably after the economy turned itself around, creating more inflation. The new president had ordered the troops out of Iraq in 16 months, probably counting from January 21, 2009. Just about everything the conservatives feared would happen, did happen. A part of that was Bush’s fault but most of it fell on the shoulders of the new president.

Couple that with the small insurrection gaining steam around the country and it was clear to me that war wouldn’t end; it would just be fought on American soil. We’d had trouble in St. Louis, Kansas City and a lesser amount in Springfield. Our Governor only sent the Missouri National Guard to the trouble spots where they worked with police to restore order.

It seemed to be a combination of things. The blacks said ‘whatever’ wasn’t illegal because we had a black president and more conservative members of the community took on not only federal employees but some of those blacks. That led to the first stages of what could only be described as a race war. Since it was only a few blacks who received unusual publicity, an effort was made to nip it in the bud before an actual race war evolved. The real problem remained with the policies of the new president and his democratic majority in both houses of the 111th Congress.

In the Senate, the Democrats were one vote short of blocking filibusters and in the House, the difference was larger. It almost seemed like the Democrats were trying to make up for lost time since they last controlled Congress. It wasn’t all bad, but it mostly was if you were a patriotic American who still believed in the 2nd Amendment.

“Will we be able to help them?”

“We can for a while Dave. They aren’t hit any harder by inflation than we are. The only differences I see are that we’re on fixed incomes and have no debt.”

“Plus I can’t spend more money on guns.”

“We have enough. The only thing we might be short of is ammo and I don’t know where you can get it except from the black market.”

“I’m not paying a buck a round for ammo made by Privi Partizan in Serbia.”

“Why not, it is boxer primed and brass cased?”

“Cause, I don’t like the Serbs, not after what they did in Kosovo and the other parts of what used to be Yugoslavia.”

“Maybe you should learn to reload.”

“It wouldn’t do any good; the new AWB has limits on primers and powder. Some rifle powders are basically unavailable because demand outstrips the supply.”

“Getting back to your original question, we can help them for a while. If it goes on too long, we’d be better off paying for them to pull their trailer here. We can grow a larger garden and can or freeze more food. Now that we have rabbits and Tilapia, all we’d have to do is buy the whole beef and a couple of extra hogs. We could increase our chicken flock, too.”

“Lord knows we did without for a very long time.”

“It’s strange you should say that Dave, you managed to buy at least one gun per year.”

“Long term security Beth for when the country went to Hell in a heartbeat.”

“Does this qualify?”

“I’m beginning to think so. It remains to be seen, the first AWB expired.”

“This one doesn’t have a sunset clause.”

“There is that. I wonder how the Supreme Court will view challenges to this new AWB.”

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“Dad, Dave. They’ve gone and done it, they shut down the company due to faltering sales. They were able to pay our accumulated leave and one year worth of sick time, but that’s it. The company is too small for them to be required to give a 60 day notice. Can we pull the trailer up there soon?”

“You find a company to tow it and call me back. Your mother and I will come down and make arrangements with the company to pay for it.”

“Dad, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t be, you did your best. I may have an idea how you can earn some money, do you still have the machines in your garage?”

“I have both the lathe and milling machine.”

“Can you get any more of that alloy you used to make our improved flashhiders?”

“Some, it’s expensive. I think I know what you have in mind. We wouldn’t dare get caught doing this; they’d lock us up and throw away the key.”

He called back the next day and a moving company could pull their trailer and provide a truck to haul the contents of their garage. I asked how soon and he said as soon as day after tomorrow. Beth and I pulled cash from our account to make the deposit the moving company required and drove down the next day, staying in a motel overnight. The following day we were there when the moving company showed up with a bob truck to haul the garage contents and a semi to pull the trailer. The owners of the trailer park had been out early, disconnecting the utilities. It was then that I realized I hadn't made provisions for the trailer. They would need electricity, water, sewer and gas. We could add another propane tank and there were the two of us to install the things they needed. Until then, they could stay in the big house.

One feature of our home that I've not previously mentioned was that old furnace. When the previous owner 'replaced' the wood/coal furnace with a propane furnace, he set the new furnace next to the old furnace and had the ducting rerouted. The old furnace was still there and if push came to shove, we could reconnect it and burn wood or coal. It had been a selling point (for us) when we'd looked at the house. The new furnace could be disconnected until it was needed and later be reconnected.

The Cummins generator in the shelter was a DGCG 120/240 single phase stacked and could power both houses and more if needed to do so. All of the tanks were topped off each month when our checks came in so we weren't short on fuel. They'd had natural gas and I'd told Dave to pick up propane jets for their appliances. The mover took the deposit, hooked up to the trailer and took off. It took 3 hours to move the things out of the garage and when they finished, we headed back towards Branson.

The company had failed to pull all the permits for Missouri and the trailer got held up at the border. We arrived ahead of the trailer by three hours and ahead of the bob truck by 90 minutes. We directed the contents of the bob truck to the shed and some to our basement. It was starting to get crowded down there. I called the propane company and ordered another 1,100 gallon tank and for it to be filled. I explained the deal with converting the appliances from natural gas to propane and they wanted to know if we had the jets or should they bring them. I said we had them and he said they'd swap them out, no charge. Gee, I guess there is still a free lunch. We could run a phone line for their computer to use dialup and Dave pointed out that they could use it as the phone line when they weren't on the computer.

We spent the next day getting the trailer leveled. The propane company bought out their tank, changed their jets and filled the tank. The following day, we rented a trencher and dug the trench for the water, sewer and electrical conduit, routing it by the propane tank and adding the propane line to the trench. It took yet another day to route everything and to get an electrician out to run electricity from the ATS switch in the shelter to the trailer. Beth called a plumber we knew and he installed the water and sewer. By the end of the week, they were back in their trailer.

Saturday morning was spent on the range keeping everyone fresh with their shooting. The boys not only fired their .45-70s and .45 Colts, they fired the Glocks and M1As. It

took Geena a while to get used to the extra recoil of the M1A, but it was necessary that she learn to use the rifle. Admittedly she'd be carrying the Bushmaster with the M203, but everyone had to be familiar with all of the arms we'd regularly use. Not that I expected we need to use them, still...

"It's an older mill and lathe so I can't turn these improved flashhiders out as fast as I could at work."

"But you can make them, right?"

"I can until I run out of material."

"I think I know where we can sell them, the guy who sold me all of my M1As."

"I'd have to have the actual rifle in my hands if the adapter is for anything besides a M1A/M14."

"What about the .223s?"

"M16/AR15 clones or I need the rifle. This guy you bought your rifle from, a class 3 dealer?"

"Not so you'd know it, no. The thing is that he's all but out of business, so I think we may have a chance. If not, we'll mount them on our other M1As. How much do they cost to make?"

"Not counting labor or electricity, maybe \$100 to \$150. I'll do them in batches. But, I'll only make them if you can assure me that they won't be traced back to us."

"Did you buy the metal in your name?"

"I paid cash and they didn't ask my name. I've only been in the place once before, when I bought the alloy earlier."

"Are they likely to remember you?"

"I doubt it; it was a stock item for them."

The Seniors – Chapter 9

“And the remainder of the parts?”

“An aluminum alloy.”

“How big of a batch were you thinking of?”

“I can average one per day.”

“How many can you make from the supplies you have on hand?”

“Thirty? Give or take, it depends on whether I have to re-cut something.”

“I think we can get away with this if it’s a one shot deal. I could be wrong, of course, but I believe we can. So say we sell them for \$350 each. That’s a gross profit of \$200 each or \$6,000.”

“One time only, not counting what I make for us.”

“Agreed.”

Dave set up his machines and began to turn out the suppressors. It turned out that he had enough material for the 30 plus those that we needed for our rifles. I started a fishing expedition with the gun dealer, making an inquiry about a silencer and slowly moving the conversation in the direction I wanted. The new AWB had so eroded his business that he finally said, “If I could find some, I might just sell them to a few select friends.”

“What if you could acquire, say 30, 7.62 suppressors for the M1A rifle with the fast attach adapters?”

“I guess it would depend upon how much they cost.”

“Speculating, say \$350 each.”

“And sell them for?”

“You could sell them for whatever the market would bear.”

“How good would these mythical suppressors be?”

“They would be as good as the Surefire suppressor.”

“God, an easy \$750 and a bargain at that; I could clear twelve grand.”

“You’d have to be sure you didn’t get caught.”

“I could sell 50 if I could get them.”

“Sorry, this is a onetime deal.”

“It’s so bad that the cops might even buy some at that price.”

“Whatever. I’m not the one who is selling them, call me a go between.”

“I hand you \$10,500 and you hand me a box containing 30 suppressors?”

“Something like that. I’d point out the box or suggest where the box might be, but I’d never put hands on them.”

“How long?”

“About six weeks until all 30 are available. There will be no paperwork trail, understand?”

“Absolutely.”

“Got any ammo?”

“What caliber?”

“NATO .308.”

“Pretty hard to come by. How much?”

“About as much as you can get.”

“South African surplus be ok?”

“Full cans?”

“Twelve hundred sixty rounds per. Say \$400 per can, bargain price.”

“How much is available?”

“How much do you want?”

“Six thousand dollars’ worth?”

“That’s half my supply. Ok, the ammo for the suppressors.”

“I’d actually take \$10,500 worth if you could spare it.”

“Sorry Dave, I can’t do that.”

“Ok, 15 cans for 30 suppressors.”

“I like this; I only have to come up with \$4,500.”

1,260 times 15 equal 18,900. We could fight a couple of wars with those 15 cans of ammo. However, we were burning though 500 rounds every Saturday that it didn’t rain. Do the math; it wouldn’t last that long unless we cut the amount of practice to maybe one magazine per weekend each, in which case, it would last for about 3½ years.

“I made the deal, 18,900 rounds of South African for the 30 suppressors. Is that ok with you?”

“No cash?”

“\$4,500 cash for you. What kind of alloy do you use for the baffles?”

“Inconel, principally made up of nickel and chromium. It’s very difficult to machine. The fewer passes the better. That why I said it depended on how many I had to cut.”

“You do realize that we’d need a class 2 license to legally build suppressors.”

“Don’t remind me. It would probably end any idea of me remaining a machinist.”

“You still want to do it?”

“Dad we need the money, both for our needs and to repay you for paying for the move.”

“No rush Dave, you’ll give it to us when you get it. I don’t know anyone else I could approach with a similar deal though so this will remain a onetime deal.”

“The upside is that I get some money and we have a truck load of ammo. Do you believe this resistance will spread?”

“Probably, there are around 250 million privately owned firearms in the US. I don’t suppose they’re all owned by our fringe, but most probably are. I have over 30 guns all totaled, not counting yours.”

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And indeed it spread. There was no indication of any organization behind the attacks so maybe if it were a concerted effort, the organization was divided into cells. Initially I was convinced that the only connection to the killings was that they were primarily federal

employees. Investigation of the murder of a federal employee comes within the purview of the FBI and as the toll rose, they were thinly spread out resulting in a large number of cases that were reclassified as cold cases.

Few of the deaths involved close in shooting, with most shots coming from over 300 meters (984'). It was a long shot for your average hunter, but less so for someone who spent time behind their rifle learning to estimate the range, dope the wind and place the shots where they wanted them. Few public officials wore anything more protective than level 2A vests which were ineffective against rifle fire.

Once Dave had finished, I called my dealer and asked if he was ready to make the trade. When he said yes, I picked a secluded park where we could do the swap. He started off by handing me the cash and then asked to examine the merchandise. He seemed to be happy and we began loading the 80 some pound cans of ammo into my pickup. It went without complications and we went our separate ways.

Dave finished the remaining suppressors for our rifles, mounting them as they were finished. We only had one problem, the sonic crack. The only way I knew to avoid that was subsonic ammo, but that wouldn't cycle the actions because the gas pistons weren't adjustable. Why, you may ask, would I encourage him to build suppressors? This is Missouri folks and you can't have them here so the demand would be high, especially among our crowd who weren't taking our present situation lying down.

"Are we going to get involved with the rebellion?"

"Eventually, yes; my thinking is that we should watch and let things sort themselves out. The closest shooting occurred in Springfield and only three Missouri cities have been involved to date. Now that some people have the means to remain invisible when they shoot, that may change. The Finns have a saying, "A silencer does not make a marksman silent, but it does make him invisible."

"They do? Where did you learn that?"

"Wiki, where else?"

"So, although we have enough ammo for the next three world wars, you want to limit our shooting to 20 rounds per week?"

"We'll go through those 19,000 rounds in about 42 months just keeping our edge. Since you can't buy ammo in military calibers anymore, it only makes sense."

"Couldn't we reload?"

"We don't have the equipment and there is some restriction on powder and primers. Besides, most of the ammo is Berdan primed and difficult to reload. I read somewhere that it can only be reloaded a few times because the anvil becomes deformed."

“Why would anyone use that kind of primer?”

“I think the military uses it so the opposition can't come along, pick up their brass and reload it. We have three real sniper rifles, the model 70, the Super Match and the M107. We also have match grade ammo for all of the rifles. When we do join the effort, we'll be effective.”

“Who is going to shoot which rifle?”

“You'd better get to practicing with that Barrett. I'll stick with my Super Match for two reasons; one, it weighs less; and two, I'm accustomed to it. You'll be the primary shooter and I'll observe. We can switch roles for closer in shots.”

“And three, you're getting old.”

“I am that; but I wasn't going to bring it up.”

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“What about the girls?”

“What about the girls? Someone needs to keep the home fires burning and the boys can help them do it. We can't just leave here and leave the acreage unattended. Frankly, we have too much at stake. We have a large supply of food, fuels and things that the less fortunate would kill to have. We'll leave the boys to guard with our wives to back them up.”

“So you really do intend to partake in this rebellion or whatever you call it?”

God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all, and always, well informed. The part which is wrong will be discontented, in proportion to the importance of the facts they misconceive. If they remain quiet under such misconceptions, it is lethargy, the forerunner of death to the public liberty. ... What country before ever existed a century and half without a rebellion? And what country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

“Jefferson?”

The Seniors – Chapter 10

“Yep. We’re more than a little overdue, wouldn’t you say?”

“I’d say that unless the new government mends its ways, somebody has to do something. If we let them sell us out, it will take decades to undo the harm.”

“And, in so saying, you’re inviting insurrection, a crime.”

“Only if you lose dad, only if you lose.”

By the time the troops were home from Iraq, the country was engrossed in a rebellion. We two Dave’s did our part, be it from a distance. If there was a problem, it was that you couldn’t put a silencer on the Barrett rifle and when it spoke, everyone could hear it. We found, based on something we read, that shooting the rifle through a cylinder of tires helped to reduce the sound. Other, less expensive single shot and/or bolt action .50 caliber rifles could use suppressors with a varying degree of success. Reflex claimed that their .50 caliber suppressor could be used on a Barrett M82. “Not only will installing a suppressor void your warranty, you may also damage your rifle by doing so. Repair bills for damaged Model 82A1s often total over \$1,500. The safe and effective use of a suppressor requires coordinated engineering of the rifle, the suppressor, and the ammunition. Rest assured that when Barrett offers a suppressor for your Model 82A1, Model 95, or Model 99, it will be safe and effective.”

We were able to acquire, by nefarious means, a Reflex suppressor and that spring they showed in their online webpage. While the Barrett was roughly equal to my unsuppressed Super Match in sound, the flash was gone and so far the rifle held up well. No more hauling around a half dozen used tires and no more light signature. Dave kept a close watch on the Barrett, looking for any sign of distress to the internal parts. So far, so good.

We kept a shooter’s notebook recording information about our shots. We were not counting bodies; we were recording conditions concerning each shot. I was highly effective out to 800 meters and marginally so to 1,000 meters. We divided our targets based on effectiveness and my son took everything over 800 meters. The M107 came equipped with a Leupold Mark IV 4.5-14x50mm LR/T M1 scope. Not quite as good as the scope on my Super Match, but good enough.

It seemed like every day another patriot was quoting the Founding Fathers. One making the rounds was Patrick Henry’s, *Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!*

Was our president a tyrant? That’s not for me to say, but his administration sure seemed to be. He was surrounded by a group of far left liberals who sought and relished power. In his first 100 days, he had undone most of what it took Bush 8 years to

accomplish. What about Bush? He has a house in Midland and a ranch in Crawford plus that property in Paraguay. You don't hear much about him these days, but I'd imagine he divides his time between his ranch and Midland. Due to that law passed during the Clinton Administration, Clinton was the last president to receive protection for life. The protection is now limited to 10 years.

On one trip we'd run into a small, like minded group. It happened to be our second trip to the Springfield area. We tried our best to stay within an hour of home. We found a location and settled in. While we watched and waited a man approached from our rear and damned near gave us heart attacks when he said, "Hello friends, I see we're not alone in our fight."

"We're?"

"Chuck, come on up."

A second man appeared as silently as the first. Speaking in low voices barely above a whisper, they introduced themselves as Chuck and Rob, no last names, OpSec don't you know. They briefly outlined what had been happening in their AO. Chuck was carrying a scoped Winchester model 70 in .30-06 and Rob had a more practical arm, a PTR91K. We assumed that Chuck was the sniper and Rob the observer. They explained that at certain times of day, the feds went out to lunch or left for the day. There were four basic chances to get one, when they arrived in the morning, when they went to lunch, when they returned from lunch and when they left for the day.

Considering our weapons they suggested a different location a bit further away. At that location, there were targets around 750 meters and a second group around 1,500 meters. They'd been limited to the current location because of the effective range of their weapons. That said, Chuck explained that he was using match grade hand loads with fairly consistent kills out to around 750 yards (685 meters). They noted the suppressors and indicated that they give almost anything short of their wives to have them.

"What would you have to trade if we could get you one?"

"What do you need?"

"More match grade .308 NATO."

"Any particular brand? Federal, Winchester? Black Hills?"

"Bingo. This Super Match really likes the Black Hills."

"How much for two .30 caliber suppressors?"

"Two cases of Black Hills, 500 rounds of soft point and 500 rounds of hollow point. We're out of Inconel for the baffles. It's a Nickel Chromium alloy."

"I know, 600, 625 or 718?"

"Dave?"

"625."

"He's Dave; and you are?"

"I'm Dave, his father."

"And, you're from?"

"Missouri."

"Us too. Been doing this long?"

"Our second time."

"Good results the first time?"

"Two for two. We tend to shoot and scoot."

"Haven't seen you before."

"This is our first trip to this location. We'll go ahead and move. Concerning the suppressors, you'd be responsible for getting your barrel threaded. They'll screw on and have a set screw to lock them in place."

"Cheap at double the price, can't get them here you know."

"You can, provided you know someone who makes them and are willing to pay the going rate. Get us the 625 Inconel and you can have them in a week."

"Have you heard about the National Guard Armory being broken into?"

"What'd they get?"

"A bunch of M4s, a dozen M9s, 4 SAWs and 2 M240s."

"M4 is the three round burst version?"

"It is. About 6 had those short grenade launchers from the SOPMOD kits."

"That's some serious firepower."

"I think there have been more burglaries than that one but government is keeping a lid on it. They're hard pressed to admit that the American people have a belly full of their politics as usual. Here's the deal, meet us back here in 3 days and we'll have the 625. We'll be back a week after that to trade the Black Hills for the suppressors. If we don't show up, we've been compromised and don't come here again."

"Compromised how?"

"There are still a bunch of those lily livered liberals out and about. They try to earn favor with the authorities by identifying patriots and turning them in. Obama may have outlawed water boarding the terrorists, but that rule doesn't apply to patriots. I understand you'll give up your mother after just a few seconds of that."

"Do you think we're making a difference?"

"I think so, but it remains to be seen, we're way outnumbered. Call it what you may, a Revolution, an Insurgency or a Civil War, not everyone agrees with us. They still have jobs, haven't been booted from their homes and just plain don't like guns because they're dangerous. You damned right they're dangerous, that's what they're made for. You read about them every day, complaining because an armed intruder broke in and raped their wife. If a firearm had been present, it could have been different."

"You're preaching to the choir, now Chuck. Everyone in our family, except for Sheila, is armed to the teeth."

"Why not Sheila?"

"She's still in diapers."

"Three days?"

"Agreed."

We moved to the location they suggested and sat up. All of that whispering suggested that I needed to get my hearing checked; I really had to work to hear them. We only got one shot, a long range shot at about 1,400 yards. We pulled up stakes and returned home.

"Do any good?"

"We only took one shot. We met two other patriots, Chuck and Rob. We worked a deal with them; they'll supply the alloy for the baffles and Dave will make them two .30 caliber suppressors. In return for his labor and what not, they'll give us two cases of Black Hills ammo, one each hunting and match."

"Sooner or later, this is going to end up biting us on the butt Dave."

“Maybe Beth, I hope not.”

We stayed around home the next two days, doing chores, sorting through our food inventory and other mundane jobs. On the third day, we returned to the spot we had relocated to earlier and set up. It wasn't long before Rob and Chuck showed up and set up. We moved cautiously to their location, identifying ourselves when they heard us. I guess Chuck had no idea how much alloy it took to build 2 suppressors; he had enough for maybe 50. He also had the aluminum alloy tubing that Dave must have told him he needed, enough for 100.

“I got all I could of both. I didn't pay for it and didn't steal it, the guy who runs the shop is a patriot and when I told him what I wanted, his eyes lit up. He gave me all he had and asked what the going rate was. I replied the alloys and 500 rounds of Black Hills .308 per. He said to tell you that he can get more and that he has 10,000 rounds of the Black Hills Match he's willing to let go.”

“Thirty caliber?”

“Fourteen .30 caliber and six .223. You can do the .223s, right?”

“Certainly. We'll be back in a week with your two. Tell your friend he'll have his 20 four weeks after that.”

“How'd you manage to get caught short on ammo?”

“I never said we did. The Black Hills is for this task, but we have more than enough for the time being for practice.”

“So, you're turning your son's machining skills into ammo?”

“He's out of work and has proven to be good at building them. You can't say that this group of patriots can't use them. A suppressor makes them invisible.”

They helped get the materials part way to our truck. We cased our rifles and put the rifles and the supplies in the truck to return home. Once home, Dave immediately began to work on a batch of 5 more .30 caliber suppressors. He put in some long hours and actually had started the batch of six .223 suppressors before the end of the week.

We had found that the suppressors didn't need cleaning and he changed his assembly method eliminating several steps. The cans were now sealed and could only be cleaned by soaking them in a cleaning solution, should they ever need cleaning. Several manufacturers of suppressors, Reflex for example, make sealed cans and claim they never need cleaning. This is especially true using jacketed ammo.

The Seniors – Chapter 11

Why would we want to be invisible? For one thing, we're outnumbered by a large margin. To me, a patriot is the guy or gal who took the oath when they entered service and acts like the oath had no expiration date (which it doesn't). They will protect and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic, for as long as they are able.

They're Joe the plumber, the carpenter who lives next door, the guy who runs the gun shop and many, many more; almost all veterans, whether or not they served in combat. Although, from watching the History Channel, not all veterans are patriots, like that guy on a tank during Desert Storm who was ashamed of what he did.

A Revolution is the overthrow of a ruler or political system. An Insurgency is a rebellion, revolution, revolt, uprising, mutiny or a riot. A Civil War is a war between opposing groups within a country. If you think about it, the US has had all three; the Revolutionary War was a Revolution/Insurgency. Then there was the Civil War, called by some the War of Northern Aggression. The name seems to depend on which side you were on. I wonder what they will call this. It may depend upon who wins.

Do you remember the lines from the movie? *Soldier, how did you get so close to me?* "Sniper approached the instructor by being a sneaky bastard, Sergeant Major! I hate to say it but that's the essence of being a sniper, getting as close as you can without being discovered. Next, it's placing your shot exactly where you want it. And, it helps if you're invisible, doesn't it? Why? So you can get away and live to do it again. Even Lee Harvey Oswald knew to get away, he just didn't go far enough away and he left a rifle that could be traced back to him, eventually.

That changed some when Armies started using bigger rifles for sniping like the .338 Lapua and the .50BMG. The former could penetrate better than standard military body armor out to about 1,000 meters. The latter had more range and an even larger bullet. Our .308 rifles were generally in the category of a Designated Marksman Rifle.

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This would be a long campaign. The American Revolutionary War lasted from 1775 to 1783. We were a tiny country then with a total population of 3.9 million during 1790 when the first census was conducted. The total US population crossed the 100 million mark around 1915, the 200 million mark in 1967 and the 300 million mark in 2006.

Have you noticed how expensive food has become? Have you noticed how obesity seems to be a main issue in this country? It's not just us; consider this from back in 2009:

In a move branded "Government nannying at its worst", the teams – operated by councils across the country – will be recruited to visit homes at meal times before handing out advice on diet and how to reduce waste.

Eight thousand Food Police, or Love Food Champions under their official title, will be paid up to £8.50 an hour of taxpayers' cash.

And if a pilot scheme is successful, the idea could be rolled out across the country, costing the taxpayer tens of millions of pounds.

Employed by a private contractor, the teams will advise householders on how to plan their shopping carefully so that they do not over-cater.

They will also explain the difference between "best before", "use by" and "sell by" dates, before giving out tips on home composting. Advice will be given on how to cook with leftovers and how best to use your freezer.

That was from the Daily Express. Back at home, it started with 4 deaths in Little Rock and then, it spread. It was all those people with those awful Assault Weapons and bolt action rifles that were nothing more than sniper rifles. The ammunition was illegal, where did it come from? The same place the booze came from during prohibition, gun and ammo runners. The ammo was available across the borders and only 90 miles south of Florida. You don't think they're transporting tobacco in the Tobacco boats, do you? The tobacco boat first came into the public eye when Miami Vice aired. That boat was a Wellcraft Scarab 38KV, twin 440-hp boat that sold for \$130,000 in 1986.

Yes, I looked it up. The death toll had topped 1,000 and every federal law enforcement agency we had was involved in providing protection. Those agencies included: DEA, FBI, DHS, Marshals Service, Secret Service and the Coast Guard. And those are just the big names and don't include the Postal Inspectors, etc. One of the oldest, the FPS, dates back to 1790 along with the Marshals Service, 1789, and the Coast Guard, 1790.

Speaking about things that occurred in the past, when did this whole anti-gun movement begin? Ask Sarah Brady, she probably knows better than me. Working backwards and probably missing some major events, there was the present law that outlawed nearly everything except slingshots. Before that was Bill Clinton's AWB. Before that was the Brady Handgun Violence Protection Act in 1993. Bush Sr. issued an EO and Reagan signed the FOPA. Back in 1968, we had two laws, the Gun Control Act of 1968 and the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. Before that, you had the National Firearms Act of 1934 and before that you had Wyatt Earp who would shoot you for carrying a gun.

The first attempts to control firearms occurred early during the nineteenth century. An appetite developed for protecting people from themselves or their neighbors. Did criminals obey the gun laws? Silly question, they didn't and confessed their sin to their priest or whatever. Gun laws seemed to be as nearly old as our country. The new AWB wasn't working; the murder rate recently has increased, especially among federal employees.

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We maintained our routine, practicing on Saturdays but using the suppressors now to avoid attracting attention. Geena and I worked with Beth getting the two acre garden in While David finished up the suppressor orders. I made the deliveries and collected the additional ammo in return. It was like David got stuck in a rut, cranking out .223 and 7.62 suppressors until he ran out of material. Towards the end, he was making seven a week. I looked up Chuck and Rob at their usual shooting spot and told them Dave had produced more suppressors and they were available for either a case of 7.62 or .223 Black Hills. I wanted the usual loadings, 168gr HP or 165gr SP in .308 NATO or the 52gr Match HP or the 55gr SP. The former case is 500 rounds, the latter 1,000 rounds.

I wasn't planning on a long war, just a different commodity to trade; military ammo would become very hard to get in quantity lots of high quality ammo. Price wise the values of the silencers was nearly the same if you compared the pre ban price of Black Hills ammo. The 7.62 suppressors could be used to replace the flashhider/muzzle brake on a M1A and the 5.56 could replace the flashhider on an M16/M4/AR15. These were the suppressors that were intended to be mounted on the end of the barrel, but I told them that fast attach mounts could be made available.

Not that it was our doing but more feds started dying, killed by invisible snipers. A radio broadcast reminded the listening audience that suppressors were not only totally illegal on the federal level, but prohibited under Missouri law. That sounded almost like a dare to me but Dave said he needed to take a break and he'd used up his stock of 625.

He enjoyed shooting the light fifty and I enjoyed him carrying it. I was loaded down enough with my rifle, 8 spare rifle magazines, 6 grenades (3 smoke and 3 fragmentation) and the observation scope. We both carried .45s with 4 extra magazines and he carried the Light Fifty with all ten magazines, 5 loaded with M1022 and the other 5 with Mk211.

When the opportunity presented itself, I picked up a new HF/VHF/UHF radio, a Yaesu FT-857 all band mobile with the antenna tuner and two antennas. It allowed us to keep in touch with Beth and Geena on our outings. Unlike most PAW stories I'd read, our only real disaster had been the outbreak of pneumonic plague, but this insurrection may well qualify as the second.

Article 2 of the Bill of Rights, aka the 2nd Amendment, says the right to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. The SCOTUS said in Heller that it was an individual right. Did Congress pass this law and Obama sign it just to learn how long it would take the SCOTUS to overturn it? Now, there's a thought, it could take years at which point it's a moot question because they've either gotten the guns or killed the gun owners who stood up for their rights.

The body count this past week around the nation reached 500 plus, an all-time high. People were becoming reluctant to apply for federal jobs for fear of getting killed. Plus, it was only a matter of time before we had another Ruby Ridge or Waco where some pa-

triot, most likely a Medal of Honor recipient, was surrounded by the ATF and FBI for a 1903A3 Springfield rifle. It's clearly a military weapon being used as recently as Vietnam and shoots military ammo, .30-06. The DCM (CMP) cleaned out its supply of Greek .30-06 in a hurry when the new AWB was passed.

I've noticed that the more of them we killed, the harder they tried to stop the carnage, forsaking their methodical approach and grabbing at straws. Some time back, I signed up for the FBI's weekly update, although I typically receive more than two updates a week. To be sure, none of what was happening now was reported unless they arrested someone, usually for a firearm violation.

While I wanted to scream, "What part of shall not be infringed don't you understand," we were now speaking in a much louder voice, albeit unorganized.

It got to the point where government LEO types began going door to door quizzing the residents about the situation. "Have you heard any shooting recently? Do you know anyone who owns illegal weapons? Have you seen anything that you think we should know about?"

Our neighbors were in the know about my gun collection but only because they were patriots through and through. The few liberals knew not and they hadn't heard any shooting in some time because of the suppressors. Plus, we'd reduced the shooting from 100 rounds each to 20 rounds each. When they'd come by here, they had a handful of 4473s and wanted to see the weapons listed thereon. I up and lied, telling I'd sold them all off as the economy worsened and I could no longer afford the expensive ammo.

They asked if I minded them searching the place and I told them I'd rather they didn't. Out came the John Doe search warrant and they began to fill in the lines. When it was completed, they kept us in the living room of the big house while they searched every nook and cranny, including the shelter (after getting the key from me). I had decided that if I didn't resist, they might consider something amiss and I'd heard about those John Doe search warrants. Having been handed a totally illegal warrant, I relented knowing that they wouldn't find anything we didn't want them to. Remember, our .45 Colt single action revolvers and the lever action rifles were still legal.

The rifles were in the rack next to the door and the gun belts hanging from pegs on the other side of the door, clearly visible. They had one agent secure those until they finished searching. And then, the questioning resumed. "Who bought the guns? Did you run background checks? Did you have high capacity magazines? How many? Yada, yada. All they knew when they left was it was apparent to them that the firearms they were looking for were either unavailable or hidden and that the replacement firearms were no match for what they had.

You see, although the AWB applied to everyone, it didn't apply to them, just everyone else! They weren't wearing the Ninja suits and the guy who flashed his badge was a US

Marshal. He might have been wearing body armor under his shirt but we couldn't tell. He was dressed in twill pants, loafers, a blue dress shirt and his badge was in a case in his shirt pocket. After he flashed it, he folded the case so the case was in his pocket and the badge hung outside. He was reasonably polite in the circumstances, surprising me. But he wasn't the FBI or the BATFE, so that may explain his demeanor, although, I should point out the US Marshals started the problem at Ruby Ridge. The ATF and later the FBI was responsible for Waco.

I think it was more than the liberals could bear when the SCOTUS handed down Heller and affirmed it in Parker. The test will come if Obama replaces any of the 5 judges who defined the 2nd Amendment as an individual right. Until then, he has his new law and a test case in the federal district court ruled the new law legal. Why should people care? After they've gutted the 2nd, they'll go for the 1st and maybe the 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Me, I'd like a Tommy gun, but they're about \$20,000 and illegal. There's just something about the ratta-tat-tat sound the Thompson makes. They made a semi-auto clone, for a while. The short barreled models required a tax stamp from the ATF due to the overall length. The new law took care of that because they used a military cartridge (.45 ACP) and were semi-auto. I'm telling you; this new law is your worst nightmare, come true.

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"We're going out tomorrow and trying a new location."

"Where?"

"Fayetteville."

"Arkansas?"

"Alabama is too far."

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Fayetteville is a common name in the US and 12 cities bear the name. You can check that on Wiki.

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"Why Fayetteville?"

The Seniors – Chapter 12

“There are a large number of federal offices there, hence a large number of federal employees. We’ll have to be careful, though, they include the FBI and the USMS.”

“What other offices?”

“All of the armed services plus recruiting offices. This one is going to require all of the skill you can muster.”

“Why me?”

“I don’t want to get close enough to use my Super Match. With the suppressor on your Barrett, the sound is reduced to the level of the unsuppressed .308. We should get a few shots before we have to bail. The main thing is to keep them widely spaced.”

I’ll admit that my son wasn’t a senior, but my wife and I were leading this show, for the time being. And, we’re both, shall we say, long in the tooth. Most people would probably dismiss the diminutive little old grandmother, but they did so at their own risk. She’d been carrying that single action revolver for a while now and could draw and fire it accurately in the blink of an eye. It couldn’t be that the revolver was lighter. Remember, I told you I took the .44 and she took the .357? She had a Blackhawk Vaquero and I had a Super Blackhawk with those big old sights. I could be wrong, but I don’t believe anyone makes a .44 magnum revolver in single action besides Ruger (don’t quote me on that).

Fayetteville was the third most populous city in Arkansas. Besides, Hillary Clinton hailed from Fayetteville. The capital, Little Rock, was where this all started. It was the largest city and the second largest was Fort Smith, where they liked to hang people. Judge Isaac Parker served as US District Judge from 1875-1896. He was nicknamed the "Hanging Judge" because in his first term after assuming his post he tried eighteen people for murder, convicted fifteen of them, sentenced eight of those to die, and hanged six of them on one day. Over the course of his career in Fort Smith, Parker sentenced 160 people to hang, of those 79 actually were executed on the gallows. Judge Parker represented the only real law the rough and tumble frontier border town had at the time.

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HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE, Hawaii – Twenty-four F-22 Raptors and hundreds of Airmen deployed to the Pacific region for a three-month deployment in support of the Pacific global deterrence mission.

Twelve F-22s deployed from Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska, arrived Jan. 18 to Andersen AFB, Guam, and the week prior 12 F-22s from Langley AFB, Va., began arriving at Kadena Air Base, Japan.

The F-22s and Airmen are part of ongoing rotations of forces to ensure security and stability throughout the region. Members of both squadrons will conduct air combat training with Air Force and other US military assets in the region.

F-22s are the Air Force's newest and most advanced fighter, combining stealth, maneuverability, supercruise capability and superior avionics to provide the US with unmatched air dominance.

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There had been a list of favorite songs on Frugal's. I copied down the names and went to youtube and downloaded the following:

Buffalo Springfield - For What It's Worth
Barry McGuire - Eve of Destruction
Mike and the Mechanics - Silent Running
Red Riders - Lunatic Fringe
The Clash - Guns of Brixton
Three Doors Down - Citizen Soldier
Metallica - Don't Tread on Me

I can't say that I liked all of them, but I had Real Player and downloading them was easy. I had previously down loaded other songs I liked, like all of ABBA. But to the business at hand, we can't keep this up all day, according to the TV salesman. That water absorbent cloth had been around for years, and the one he was selling was probably the imitation.

We setup just off the 540 just east of 112 near Enterprise Drive. That was after ducking and dodging all the way from Branson to Fayetteville. The LEOs were thick as thieves, or maybe like a bad case of lice. Factory district unless I miss my guess, lots of warehouses. Whatever, I wasn't taking names, just looking for a good position where a single shot wouldn't give away our location. We moved three times before we found a location that didn't seem like it would produce echoes. Echoes are the enemy of snipers because they reflect the sound and draw attention to your general area. From my point of view, the best sniping spot is in the open.

"I got one."

"What is he?"

"Can't tell, wearing a suit, but that's the building that the FBI uses."

"Don't shoot if you can't tell. It would hurt our cause if we killed a civilian."

Kaboom.

“Weren’t no civilian, he was wearing a .40 Smith and Wesson.”

“Are you sure?”

“He pulled out his badge and flipped it over like that marshal did. It was a badge, but I don’t know what a FBI badge looks like.”

“It doesn’t look like the one Efrem Zimbalist Jr. had on that show, The FBI. Real stories, but everything else was fake, especially the badge. I saw one once, looked like a cheap piece of yellow tin underneath an eagle.”

“That’s about right.”

“Ok time to move.”

“We just got here.”

“Unless you want to be planted here, case that rifle and let’s go.”

It went on like that for about 3-4 hours, shooting, moving and setting up again. No two shots from the same place and the interval varied widely. There is such a thing as too much luck; it was better to close up shop and come back tomorrow from another direction. I had decided that considering the drive down, we’d camp out overnight. We found a park and erected a tent, got out the Coleman stove and made coffee. A Deputy Sheriff happened by and asked what we thought we were doing.

“Sorry Sheriff, I didn’t see a ‘no camping’ sign.”

“Are you from around here?”

“I’m from Branson and my son is from Little Rock.”

“Can I see your ID?”

“It checks out. What’s the deal, meet halfway between?”

“Exactly, how did you know?”

“Figured. Camping is allowed in county parks so you’re ok.”

“Say Sheriff, just after we met up, we heard something that sounded like gunfire. Know anything about that?”

“Some more of those wanttobe patriots, killing more federal officers.”

“You don’t say. If it wouldn’t be rude to ask, how many did they shoot this time?”

“Four. They’re using a .50 caliber rifle. It’s got a range of...”

“A mile and a half? I read that on Wiki. The longest shot with a .50 caliber rifle was a shot of 2,430 meters (7,972’) by some Canadian Corporal.”

“His name was Furlong. That’s the guy. The previous record was held by another Canadian and before that by Carlos Hathcock in Vietnam.”

“You don’t say. Do they suspect some soldier who went off his whack and is shooting federal employees?”

“Why would you say that?”

“It should be obvious. Fifty caliber rifles are illegal. The only people who have them are the military and police. Maybe some of the federal agencies, but I wouldn’t know about that.”

“You seem to know a lot.”

“Years ago I collected guns. When hard times came I had to sell them off. Had the US Marshal at my place looking for the guns on the 4473s. Filled out a John Doe search warrant right on the spot. I figured it was illegal, but who’s to say. I let them search and they didn’t find anything except for our cowboy guns.”

“Our?”

“Me and my wife Beth.”

“What’s that you’re carrying?”

“A Ruger Super Blackhawk. Any problem?”

“No, you’re carrying openly. Have any other guns?”

“Marlin 1895 Cowboy rifle. That’s a .45-70.”

“I know what a Marlin Cowboy is.”

“Yes sir, Sheriff.”

“It’s Deputy, remember that. The Sheriff rarely leaves his office these days.”

“Why’s that?”

“He wears a suit and is afraid he may be mistaken for a fed.”

The Deputy left and Dave and I decided that after one more day of sniping it might be a good idea to head home. Tomorrow we'd come in from the west and set up just to the west of 16/540. We ate dinner and crawled in our sleeping bags. It wasn't too bad, we had air mattresses.

“What's for breakfast?”

“Coffee, scrambled eggs and toast.”

“How are you going to do that on a two burner stove?”

“Set the coffee off to the side while the toast burns.”

I knew the moment that he said that, he'd end up burning the first batch. It's called toast for a reason; it's browned, not burned. My son was not a chef. I guess next time I'd better do the cooking. It would be just my luck to end up burning the toast too. After we ate, used the park john and packed up the truck, we headed west. We actually drove over where we would later setup. We took 540 to 45 and went west for a while. We turned north and came in on West Wedington Drive. We actually ended up near West Maine Street and barely within range of the big rifle.

After three shots, we called it a day and headed back to Branson, driving rural roads whenever possible. We missed some roadblocks, but couldn't avoid the one at the state line.

“Where are you headed?”

“Home.”

“Where are you coming from?”

“Little Rock. I drove down to pick up my son. You see, he's out of work and my wife and I...”

“Got any ID?”

“Yes sir.”

“Well, the ID checks out. You haven't been near Fayetteville have you?”

The Seniors – Chapter 13

“No sir, we came all the way up on US 65. I swear, it seemed like we were getting our ID checked about every 20 miles. What’s going on? And, why Fayetteville?”

“They had some shootings. Seven federal employees were either killed or wounded. You’re ok, move along.”

“Did you miss one?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Which round were you using?”

“The Mk211, they blow up when they hit the body armor or after they pass through the body, so there isn’t any evidence.”

“We’re going to have to lay low for a while, we drew too much attention this time out.”

“Time to hoe the garden?”

“And other things, like getting a pregnant milk cow and maybe our own small herd of hogs.”

“I thought mom told you that you couldn’t have pigs because pigs stink.”

“She did, but she likes pork chops, bacon and ham. I got a feeling that unless we have our own, we may not be able to get any.”

“What about feed?”

“We can grass feed the cow and buy a hog mix from the grain elevator.”

“How does that differ from cattle feed?”

“I’ll be damned if I know; it may be the same thing. I hope you like rabbit; it’s getting time to butcher them.”

“It’s not that bad.”

“Good, I won’t have to share my macaroni and cheese. A few more weeks and we’ll be harvesting our first home grown fish.”

“Well, farm-raised rabbit is lean, slightly sweet meat with a closely textured flesh that has virtually no fat and is very high in protein. Rabbit is an alternative to chicken, with

the additional advantage that it is commonly raised without the use of hormones or steroids.”

“I’ll take your word for it. I’ll try the fish one time. If you can keep the bones out, I may end up eating it, I like cod and several other species.”

“What fish do you like the least?”

“Halibut, flounder and salmon.”

“What’s your favorite fish?”

“Canned albacore.”

“Any particular brand?”

“Bumble Bee solid pack.”

“I ran out of cigarettes. Do you have any?”

“I roll my own using a cheap machine I bought on the web. I buy menthol tobacco, but I have a bag of regular Bugler in the freezer.”

“Are they any good?”

“They’re not Kool’s, but they’ll do. I gave up on factory smokes when they upped the federal tax a buck a pack. They said it was a revenue measure, but increasing the price to over \$40 a carton has a lot of people quitting and they’re cutting off their nose to spite their face. If they don’t stop raising taxes, we’re going to end up on the dole. Geena and you should already be on the dole, why aren’t you?”

“It just doesn’t feel right.”

“Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a hard fall. Go ahead and sign up right after you get your Missouri Driver’s license. Forget unemployment, that system went broke. Try for food stamps and Medicaid. Use our address as your permanent address. And be sure not to mention your mobile home. If the subject comes up, tell them your mother and I own the home and letting you live rent free for the time being.”

“How long are we lying off for?”

“Until we’re done with the garden. Fuel your pickup and drive around the farms in the area. Tell them you’re looking for a bred milk cow and two bred sows. We keep in practice at the same rate, 20 rounds per week per person. We don’t want to attract any at-

tention. What you're out and about bring up the fact that you've heard shooting in the area and wonder if they've heard the same."

"Why would I do that?"

"Forewarned is forearmed. You might also get a sense of their attitude towards firearms. I expect most, if not all of our neighbors, have at least a shotgun, a .22 rifle and a hunting rifle. Don't press them on it and make sure you're wearing your revolver."

The results of Dave's trip were rewarding. He got two bred sows and one bred milk cow. He also acquired a market weight steer and 4 market weight hogs. He learned that several of the neighbors had heard the shooting in the past, but thought nothing of it because they knew I was a gun nut. Only one claimed to have heard any shooting recently and as luck would have it, I knew him to be a gun collector too. We had a choice of paying for the livestock in cash or gold. I didn't want to get into our supply of gold or silver just yet, so we paid in cash and asked the sellers to deliver the livestock to the locker plant and our acreage. We only had enough room in the freezers for a side of beef and 2 hogs so we checked the papers for another used freezer. This time we came up short and had to order one from Sears. We ordered their large upright to put in Dave and Geena's trailer, a 20.6ft³.

Beth ordered cases of lids and a second pressure canner from Canning Pantry in Utah and we drove up to Springfield when the canning jars first hit the store shelves. When you consider it, canning jars are bulky. I had attached our trailer, an old U-Haul 6'x12' cargo trailer, painted tan. It would hold 396ft³, not enough for the jars we bought. The bed of the pickup was loaded five layers deep and the load covered with a tarp and tied down. We took our time getting home. Had I been thinking, I'd have brought a tape gun and taped the outside layer of boxes together for added strength.

"Help me unload this, would you?"

"How many cases did you get?"

"All they had; we got quite a few strange looks. Since we doubled the size of the garden and not all of the jars from last year's canning were empty your mother and I loaded up. There must be at least a couple of thousand jars in quarts, pints and jelly jars."

"Where are we going to put them? The shed is full, the basement is full and there isn't much room in the shelter."

"We'll leave the boxes in the trailer in the trailer. All we'll unload are the boxes on the truck. Let's put down a few pallets to stack the boxes on and cover them with a tarp."

"How many pallets?"

"Four, two wide and two long."

“Where are they?”

“Stacked against the far end of the shed.”

“You only had four.”

“That’s why I didn’t tell you to bring six.”

They were standard grocery pallets, 48” long by 40” wide and the most common pallet in the US. They would create a platform 8’ long by 6’8” wide. The bed of the pickup was 8’ long and around 4’ wide. When we stacked the boxes, we ended up with only 4 layers. I was convinced we’d never need to buy canning jars again. The Sears Freezer arrived just in time to pick up the full steer and four hogs. As was usually the case, Beth and I went to the meat market and picked up the additional hams and bacon she’d ordered. The summer was long, hot and dry. We irrigated to ensure we had a good crop and that rich soil, enhanced with the horse manure, produced a bountiful crop. They were canning up to 8 loads a day between the two canners, starting with green beans. The peas we grew were blanched and frozen, I hate canned peas.

The sows had their litters and we had enough pigs that we could keep some gilts, butcher the barrows and still have some to sell. The calf came later, a heifer. Considering the amount of meat we’d frozen, Beth and I decided to keep the heifer and breed her. Several of our neighbors had bulls and offered breeding services for a nominal fee.

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We were having our usual 4th of July, Independence Day picnic with fireworks and the whole nine yards. Just to frame this for you, the six of us with guns never went anywhere without at least the revolver, even on the 4th of July. We had fried chicken, potato salad, coleslaw, baked beans, homemade French bread, home churned butter and ice cold watermelon. We’d tried our hand at homemade beer and the results were drinkable but not Sam Adams, not enough hops.

We were just slicing the watermelon when the men in black showed up. “ATF, remain where you are and raise your hands.”

We complied and they disarmed us and used flexi cuffs to bind our hands. The leader unfolded a properly executed search warrant and asked, “Where are the guns?”

“You just took them. The rifles are in the rack in the house, right next to the door.”

“Not those, the M1As. You have several, a Bushmaster carbine and a HK MR-556. You also have several semi-automatic pistols.”

“I explained that the last time the law showed up and searched the place. I had to sell them due to the economic times. I didn’t get their names or run background checks, but they seemed like nice enough people. Go ahead and search, all you will find are legal weapons.”

“We’ll be the judge of that.”

It was getting on to supper time when they finally gave up. We had everything your average survivalist would have, except for prohibited weapons and ammo. Admittedly, the .45-70 was once a government cartridge, but hadn’t been so for well over 100 years and was exempt. It was last used in quantity during the Spanish-American War and was not completely purged from the inventory until well into the 20th century.

“Where are they?”

“Are you deaf? I told you I was forced to sell them. The US Marshal who was here a while back couldn’t find them either because there is nothing to find.”

“Our source said he’s heard firing from this place weekly.”

“That’s right; we practice every Saturday morning with our Marlins and revolvers. Since real firearms are illegal, we need all the help we can get.”

“You’re lying.”

“Prove it by finding those guns that I sold off somewhere in this acreage. Use your ground penetrating radar, you’ll find nothing because there is nothing to find. You’ve done your search so how about taking off these flexi cuffs and returning our revolvers.”

He polled his people, they could find nothing. I overheard them talking about the book-case in the shelter. Assuming it might be a covering for a door way into an armory; they checked it thoroughly and concluded that it was indeed bolted to the wall. They hadn’t thought to remove the shelf and pulled out the shelf pins that I’d added later as an extra measure of protection. The back wouldn’t swivel until the pins were removed.

“We’ll be back.”

“Funny, you don’t look like Arnold Schwarzenegger.”

“Ok let them go. Put their revolvers in the house and let’s go.”

“Wait.”

“What now?”

The Seniors – Chapter 14

“How about a note saying that you searched the place and found nothing?”

“We’ll be back and search until we find them.”

I was almost afraid if I kept talking, we’d end up in one of those new FEMA Camps they built pursuant to the National Emergency Centers Establishment Act. If you haven’t figured it out by now, the government isn’t on your side. Do you know what they call a government employee? A target!

We still had to work the garden, tend to the livestock and all the usual chores that came with our reluctantly becoming farmers. That is if you can call a few chickens, hogs, two cattle and the rabbits and Tilapia farming. Despite outward appearances, we weren’t the tame group some mistook us for. To date we were one for one on the body count, one shot, one kill. We could keep it up for years with our ammo supply and I’m referring to the Black Hills, the M1022 and the Mk211.

Our approach to acquiring the Black Hills ammo had been inspired although we hadn’t realized it at the time. After harvest and canning were finished, we headed back towards Springfield to see if Rob and Chuck were still around. Were they ever and Rob was now sporting a .50 caliber rifle and using M-33 Barrett ammo.

“Where have you been?”

“A man’s got to eat; we’ve been working on our garden and taking care of the livestock.”

“Was that you down in Fayetteville?”

“What happened in Fayetteville?”

“Come on you guys, .50 caliber rifles are few and far between. McMillan raised the price of their TAC 50 to \$7,000 for the rifle only and \$9,000 for the rifle package; military and LEO sales only, unless you know someone. I spent over ten grand for this setup with the accessories.”

“Nice rifle.”

“Yeah, you can really reach out and touch someone. Say are you still making suppressors?”

“We ran out of material, the 625.”

“I guessed that. I came up with more. You should have had enough tubing for 100 and 625 for around 50. I have tubing for 200 more and enough 625 for 400 more. Interested?”

“Can you get more tubing?”

“I’m not sure. Since the suppressors appeared on the scene, they’ve been watching metal sales. All I can do is try.”

“Same deal on the ammo?”

“Black Hills is getting scarce, but we can get Federal match. There seems to be lots of that floating around. Sometimes you can also find Winchester and Remington in 168gr boat tail match. How about I give you the material we have and you get started while I line up more tubing and buyers with match grade ammo?”

“Any complaints about the new manufacturing method without the disassembly feature?”

“Not one. Say have you tried the cans filled with water?”

“Nope, why?”

“Cuts down the sound another 4-5db. They’re virtually silent on a bolt action rifle.”

“Don’t forget to tell them that the fast attach feature is separate.”

“No sweat, nobody has asked for one.”

“Dave, are you willing?”

“We won’t get to do much sniping.”

“Two hundred fifty, minimum, will take most of the winter. Hell, I’ll still be making them come spring.”

“How fast can you deliver them?”

“If I get on a roll, seven a week. Do you want me to start with, .30 caliber or .223?”

“Go for the thirty’s. We have a guy who will thread the barrels on hunting rifles, like .30-06 and .308.”

“Ok, that will take around 15 weeks. How many .223 do you think you’ll need?”

“Not as many, some guys use those 7.62x39mm rifles.”

“Those rifles are notoriously inaccurate.”

“We’ve had a change of strategy; we’re now running some ambushes. Range in those cases isn’t as important.”

“But silence is?”

“The longer we keep them guessing where we’re coming from, the greater our advantage.”

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We were out of the sniping business into the suppressor business for the time being. It wasn’t any safer than being a sniper, not with the ATF breathing down our necks and our being subject to yet another raid. That’s life, I guess. Life has 3 distinct stages, you’re born, you live and you die. I prefer to put off stage three for a few more years, if possible. When you’re young, you think you’re bulletproof. But, as you age, you begin to realize the folly of that. Friends, sometimes younger than you are, have heart attacks and drop dead. One of my other favorite quotes comes from the Bible, “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.” – Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3, Verse 1. You may recognize the words from a song by the Byrds, *Turn, turn, turn*.

I didn’t mind taking a year off from the insurrection, someone had to stay here and give Dave a heads up if the feds showed up again. If we were caught with the suppressor components, it would be the Graybar Hotel. That comes from a careful reading the National Firearms Act and the ATF’s position that if you have any part of a machinegun without the tax stamp, you’re in violation. Since a suppressor is also a NFA item, I presumed if you had any part of a suppressor, you were in violation; the so called rubber washer violation mentioned in *Unintended Consequences*.

Aside from the harassment of being searched from top to bottom twice, I had no axe to grind with the AFT or the USMS. I’d challenged them to use their ground penetrating radar knowing that it was capable of locating the armory off the shelter, but the tactic worked, they didn’t look. The axe I wanted to grind was much further up the tree, close to the executive level. With 230 ± million guns in the US, what was so fascinating about the thirty or so that they thought I had?

Some of the more obvious excuses, ‘I lost them from my boat’ didn’t fly because I don’t know anyone who uses a rifle to fish. The same applied to ‘they were stolen’ because in order to file an insurance claim there had to be a police report. Most homeowner policies don’t cover over a certain amount for guns, usually \$1,000. The NRA sells a separate policy with higher limits. I’d dropped mine when I’d ‘sold’ my guns.

In all the company history, Barrett firearms had only made so many light fifties. The one we had showed up as being sold to the US Army and would be considered stolen government property if we were caught with it, multiplying the offense. Chuck and Rob continued to supply the tubing and 625 and Dave kept cranking out suppressors. Before all was said and done, he’d made over 365, this time. My grandsons, David and Ben spent

a considerable amount of time on the range during the summer, perfecting their shooting skills with every weapon we had except for the Barrett.

The time frame for this exercise was fall to fall. The ammo we received was .308 Federal 168gr match and the rate of exchange was still 500 rounds per can. The 5.56 cans were 1,000 rounds of Federal Gold Medal 69gr match or the equivalent. Eventually we ran out of places to store the ammo and put it in .50 caliber ammo cans with desiccant packs and buried it under the floor of the tunnel connecting the fox holes.

When Dave called it quits, he still had a large supply of 625 and tubing which was sealed in plastic and buried near the ammo cans. During our year off, the insurgency grew and more than a few National Guard troops walked away from the Guard, often citing their oath to protect and defend the Constitution rather than supporting the Commander in Chief. Whenever possible, it seemed, they took their issue weapons with them when they left and ammo when they could get it.

I don't know when the military established the policy of not storing ammo at National Guard Armories, but when they began that, each state had one or more depots where the ammo was stored and issued from. Clyde Barrow frequently burglarized Armories taking 1918 BARs and ammo. However ammo wasn't a problem because we had South African surplus and thousands of rounds of match grade .308 and 5.56 NATO.

The departing troops represented a blow to the state and federal governments. Governors found it increasingly difficult to use the Guards to assist law enforcement in maintaining order. The active duty military couldn't help because of Posse Comitatus. An end run to restore the John Warner Act couldn't get through the Senate, dying there. The John Warner Act allowed the president to declare a national emergency and use regular military to restore law and order despite Posse Comitatus. It had been repealed the following year.

The insurrection was gaining momentum, albeit slowly. During our absence, the number of open confrontations had risen dramatically, generally starting out as ambushes. What had initially been individual efforts morphed into group efforts, obviously organized to an extent. From history, we knew about groups like Roger's Rangers who fought for the British during the French and Indian War and the Green Mountain Boys led by Ethan Allen in what is now modern day Vermont. After initially helping the American cause, the Green Mountain Boys turned neutral but later fought in the War of 1812 and the Civil War. They're the basis for the current Vermont National Guard.

At least all of the 48 continental states had someone going against the federal government. In those states where the state government supported the feds, the actions were also directed against the state government. Did the feds think that the 10th Amendment to the Constitution was meaningless? *The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people*" For that matter what about the 9th? *The enumeration in the Consti-*

tution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

By the time we were ready to return to our previous pursuit, it wasn't an option for a number of reasons. We'd been offered a chance to join with Rob and Chuck's group but decided against working that far away from home. Branson had lost a significant portion of its tourist dollars, primarily because of the economy. Dave found work helping a farmer who had fallen and broken his leg. While the guy didn't have a lot of money to pay Dave, he did supply us with livestock feed. I should point out that this was the guy who admitted to hearing the shooting.

After he was sure that Dave was trustworthy, he'd shown Dave his gun collection. It was larger than ours and included 4 HK 41s and 4 HK 93s. His 93s were late models with the 1:7 twists and had their flashhiders replaced with suppressors. They had been re-worked by a gunsmith back to the HK 33 select fire version, but hadn't had their barrels shortened. The HK 41 was the semi auto version of the G3. Few were imported and many of those that were had been converted back to select fire firearms. The HK 41s also supported suppressors. His .50 caliber rifle was the AW50 bolt action with a Zeiss scope and a suppressor, costing on the order of \$13-\$14,000. He said he got his ammo from Cabela's and it included 750gr HP, 750gr A-MAX and 650gr SP plus several cases of Barrett M-33. Many of the 'older' arms were Uberti reproductions.

When Dave mentioned the suppressed M82, his response was, "That's a bad idea, it will only work for a while and you'll have a screwed up action."

"Well, it's worked so far."

"Maybe so, but I know for a fact that it won't continue to work. Put the Barrett muzzle brake back on and forget it. Your other choice is to get a Barrett model 95 or 99, bolt action. They're also illegal, but can be found right around the MSRP."

John had an assortment of Glocks, several Kimbers, a full set of Cowboy Action Shooting weapons, Colts, a Stoeger, a Rossi and a John Wayne coach gun, Trapdoor Springfield's, both rifle and carbines, and a full set of the last Winchester's before they closed up shop. He had everything we had and more. Not necessarily the same brands, but at least the same calibers. As for ammo, he had more than we did and he had a large supply from Buffalo Bore Ammunition. Dave said the only thing he found lacking was the Mk211. That was easy to remedy, Dave took John 4 cans of the M1022 and the Mk 211.

Dave examined the Barrett's action more closely and removed the suppressor, replacing it with Barrett muzzle brake. He set the suppressor aside and told me he'd see if he could get a model 95. I had my doubts he could, but John seemed to think it was easier than we thought, especially given the amount of match grade 5.56 and 7.62 we had.

The Seniors – Chapter 15

Have you ever heard Ravel's *Boléro*? You should, it was used in the movie '10' to great acclaim; the character played by Bo Derek kept restarting the music on a phonograph, while trying to seduce the character played by Dudley Moore. The song, to my way of thinking, described this growing insurgency and we were getting to the point where you could really hear the music. But what did I know; we hadn't participated since Fayetteville, at least not directly. We hoped that the insurgency, like the song would keep building to the crescendo.

The last thing that Dave brought back from John's was a Barrett model 95 rifle with the same scope I had on my Super Match and the BORS. He claimed that he didn't know how John got the rifle, scope, etc. but that we owed him some of the Federal match ammo we had in 5.56. John had offset the value of the .50 caliber ammo against the cost of the rifle. That was fairly steep, but given how hard it was to get the forbidden weapon, we paid the freight.

Starting with the fourth year of his first term, the president had lost a lot of his support. It was not nearly as bad as it had been for Bush during his second term, but it was a 40 odd percent approval rate. He'd brought the troops home from Iraq and was beginning to talk about pulling out of Afghanistan. It had begun as MSM speculation, did someone know something? The insurrection and the results of the mid-term elections when the Democrats lost their filibuster proof margin in both houses of Congress was taking a toll. The selection of Michael Steele as chairman of the RNC had removed some of Obama's glitter. Steele was a black conservative and had helped the Republican Party regain some of its fundamental roots. (In September 2008, Bush's approval rating ranged from 19% – the lowest ever – to 34% in polls performed by different agencies.)

Within each state, there existed an insurgency. Some were bold and didn't try to hide their identity, but most were shadow warriors, grey men. They concealed their identities using military face paint and sometimes masks; balaclavas (ski masks) were popular with some groups and bandanas with others. The universal constant, if there was one, was that the insurgents battle cry, 'Restore the Constitution'. Other issues, like states' rights, were frequently heard, more often in the south.

"Resolved, That the union of these States rests on the equality of rights and privileges among its members, and that it is especially the duty of the Senate, which represents the States in their sovereign capacity, to resist all attempts to discriminate either in relation to person or property, so as, in the Territories – which are the common possession of the United States – to give advantages to the citizens of one State which are not equally secured to those of every other State." You know it right? No? Jefferson Davis, leading to the Civil War/War of Northern Aggression.

The first revolution was against the British, the second against TPTB. One problem we had was that the other side had the same weapons we were using, or better. With weapons to spare, the active military supplied things to the Guards that they didn't usu-

ally see, like up to date arms and munitions advances. The other side of that coin was that the US Military still gave M4 carbines to everyone except Special Forces. Not to belittle the M4, but like the M16, it gets dirty and won't feed, double feeds, etc. After a soldier went through his standard load out of 210 rounds, he needed to be thinking about cleaning the carbine. A good dose of CLP would get him to 300 rounds and then he began to run out of choices.

Army Guard and Air Guard units couldn't burn through their ammo quite so fast with the A2s. And because a few state employees had been mistaken for federal employees, the Guards were out in force, but not nationalized. Keep in mind that the M16 came out in 1963, the A1 in 1967, the A2 in 1982, the A3 and the A4 circa 1996.

Here in southern Missouri, they were sent door to door. The Guard is made up of citizen soldiers, many of whom may well have had their own gun collections tucked away, somewhere. Those that did report, e.g., didn't desert, didn't seem to be that entirely gung ho. They went door to door, politely asking if you had any weapon to declare during this amnesty period. What amnesty? The Governor ordered no arrests for people who turned in guns when asked. If I were to bet on this one, about all they got were a few 10/22s.

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A small group started up in Northern Arkansas, led by a National Guard deserter. The nameless deserter wasn't from Ridgedale, but that's where he centered his group. Ridgedale was on the Missouri side of the line and not all that far from where we lived. We'd been chomping at the bit to get back into the fray and this seemed like the perfect opportunity. This Sergeant First Class had quite the history, if he were to be believed. He'd spent a year in Korea, 6 months in Kosovo and a year in Iraq. He'd started in armor and switched to artillery when he returned from Iraq.

There was a young man who was part of the group, his son, who hailed from Bolivar, Missouri. The Sergeant's personal weapons collection included a M1A Super Match, a Mossberg 590A1, a Taurus PT1911B and a .32 Sauer und Sohn semi-automatic. 'Inherited', he claimed, hence, off the books. Names were not shared within the group, OpSec, so everyone resorted to a handle. He was Sarge, his son, Kid, I was Bookman and Dave, Mechanic. Dave and I switched to using the suppressed Barrett model 95 and Super Match. The Kid had his grandfather's M1A Loaded with a FA762S suppressor and a Leupold Mk IV scope sitting on A.R.M.S. mounts plus a Browning Hi-Power with the Gold Dot 124gr +P.

Interestingly, Sarge had a TAC-50 with a Night Force 12-42x56mm Mil Dot scope and the McCann Night Vision Rail Mount supporting an AN/PVS-27 MUNS. He explained, when asked, that he ended up with one third of a trust fund when his father died and he kept a promise to his father to buy a TAC-50. The only ammo he had was the Hornady 750gr A-MAX match and we traded him some Mk211 and M1022, even up. His rifle had

a suppressor from a place in Texas he called a Jet suppressor. John joined the group when he healed up under the handle of Farmer.

Our group could field 4 .50BMG caliber rifles, three silenced and one not. The most common arms beyond the fifties were 7.62x51mm semi-automatic rifles and .45ACP pistols. Apparently Sarge's wife had a 9mm CZ pistol and an old .30-30. She didn't participate, staying home and raising their 3 kids. Kid came from the union of Sarge and his first wife and had mostly been raised by his maternal grandfather.

There were a total of 15 in our group and we came from both sides of the state line. I was the oldest of the group, followed closely by John, uh, Farmer. Farmer had been in the Marines during the 'in between' years and hadn't seen much combat, only the tail end of Vietnam. After Vietnam, he'd served a second enlistment, making the rank of Sergeant. And man, could he shoot.

Since there weren't any targets in our immediate AO, we branched out, despite the risk the extra travel caused. We'd travel sometimes as far as 3 hours away from our central location. We'd even made a trip to the Kansas City area; there was a military ammunition plant there, Lake City. While Lake City tests handgun ammo, they manufacture rifle ammo, 5.56, 7.62, .50BMG plus 20mm which is considered to be a small arm caliber, the largest. Their ammunition is accumulated in warehouses before it's shipped out.

We came in through their defenses and began checking warehouses looking for particular ammo. We had in mind M993, M995, M855A1, Mk 262 Mod 0, M118LR, M1022 and hopefully Mk 211. That Mk 262 is 5.56mm sniper ammo. The only item on our list that we had trouble locating was the Mk 211. It is manufactured by Winchester and other ammunition companies, but we were hoping that it was being accumulated at the Lake City plant for distribution.

We'd about given up looking when we found those distinctive 120 round cans of Mk 211 which weigh almost 40 pounds per can. Ammo is heavy and we ended up hauling it well away from the warehouse, but not all of the way to our vehicles. When we had $\frac{2}{3}$ of what we wanted moved, we divided up with ten of us hauling the ammo to the trucks and the remaining five bring the remaining ammo to the drop off point. We finished before sunrise and a caravan of widely spaced pickups headed south, on country roads when we could and avoiding nearly every town and city.

One of the first things Sarge did was to replace the .50 caliber ammo we'd given him. The remainder, M1022 and Mk 211, was divided among those with .50 caliber rifles. A count was made of how many 5.56mm and 7.62mm rifles were owned and the ammo was divided accordingly. We found that there were even some XM994 and M996 apt ammo in the mix. The XM994 was intended to replace the M276 generic dim tracer creating a 7.62 apt. Farmer didn't return the .50 caliber ammo we'd given to him since it covered a portion of his cost of the M95.

Were we happy with the results of our trip to Independence, Missouri? Man, I hope to tell you. The M118LR was ideal in the Super Match with its 1:10 twist but less so in rifles with 1:12 or 1:11 twists. However, 168gr match was perfect for a 1:11 twist. I'll be the first one to admit that we had more ammo than we'd (probably) ever use. That said, would you rather have it and not need it or need it and not have it? Not having it probably meant that you couldn't get it because it was illegal ammo for everyone except the LEOs and military.

The country was so deeply involved in the throes of the insurgency that the president didn't really have much time to campaign for reelection and that task fell to Joe Biden. Biden wasn't the speaker that Obama had been and it showed. The Republican ticket was Sarah Palin for president and J.C. Watts Jr. from Oklahoma for vice president. A woman and a black man? This should prove to be interesting. Apparently Watts didn't have a first and middle name, just initials. Obama had broken the color barrier for the presidency, would Palin break the gender barrier? Both Palin and Watts were conservatives but could they pull the female and black vote?

One Tuesday, November 6, 2012 the voter turnout was larger than 2008. There were problems with the votes in Ohio, Florida, Minnesota and for the first time, California. If one was to believe the broadcasters it was Palin and Watts by the narrowest of margins. However, recounts were underway in those 4 states.

We had an operation scheduled the next day over near Jefferson City, the state capital. Initially, we'd engage in a sniping operation and then, when they came to find us, ambush them. Dave and I supplied 5 LAW rockets and 15 fragmentation grenades. The sniping would be done by Farmer and Mechanic with Sarge and Bookman as observers/backups.

"Range to target 1,135 meters. Wind?"

"Five mph, left to right."

"I'm putting in two clicks for windage; it seems to be gusting slightly. Stand still damnit."

Kaboom, one down and how many to go? Until someone figured out where the shooting was coming from, that's how many we had to go. At that point, we'd case the fifties and switch to MBRs or carbines.

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I'd loaded the M118LR and re-sighted my scope. All four members of the sniping team were 'designated' marksmen with scoped MBRs. Dave and my scopes were mounted using #18 A.R.M.S. mounts and #22H Throw Lever Rings (High) and could be removed quickly. The diameter of the objective of my scope was 2.3 inches and half of that was 1.15 inches. The high mount was 1.450" (Measured from the center of the optic to the base) while the medium was 1.15" and left the scope resting on the barrel or too close

for my comfort. It may well be the best setup for an M1A. You can also remove the scope and put on a Trijicon reflex sight or a CompM2 red dot.

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Our recalibrated radiation equipment came that day and Beth signed for it. The AMP 200 came from Rolla, ND and the rest from Gonzales, TX. It was only a day trip, but it took us longer getting home because of the roadblocks the Guard put up. It doubled our return travel time because we had to find so many alternate routes. Three hours there, 6 hours fighting and 6 hours return, 15 hours; from before dawn to well past sunset.

“Have you heard?”

“Heard what?”

“Justice Kennedy on the Supreme Court died.”

“Oh no, not that.”

“Was he the swing vote in Heller?”

“That’s the guy. Now Obama gets to appoint one judge and the Court will probably swing the other way. Ginsberg had cancer surgery for her pancreatic cancer and additional treatment after. If he had to have replaced her, it wouldn’t have made any difference.”

“Well, what happens if the election ends up in the Supreme Court?”

“Hard to say, maybe 4 more years of Obama.”

The media was wrong. After the recounts, Obama and Biden carried the election by 0.75% of the popular vote, but more importantly, undisputedly won the electoral vote although not but not by much. Even so, there was no basis for a court case. The Republicans had blocked Obama’s selection for the empty court seat, but that too, passed and a liberal judge was seated. She was no one I’d ever heard of and came from San Francisco. A judge from the 9th Circuit. The 9th Circuit the largest Circuit covering many states including most of the western US. Alaska, Arizona, California, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Guam and the Northern Marianas are the district courts it handles appeals from.

The Insurrection was given new blood by the results of the election because Obama took the results as a mandate. He began pressing the Attorney General to move the cases involving the AWB through the courts. He ordered the US troops out of Afghanistan, yesterday. In his state of the Union Address, he called for the authority to use military forces within our borders to maintain order.

The Seniors – Chapter 16

He shall from time to time give to Congress information of the State of the Union and recommend to their Consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." (Article II, § 3)

I could be wrong, but he was assuming that if the Supreme Court heard more gun cases, they would overturn Heller, not the AWB. Not every Supreme Court appointment turns out like the president would like. Kennedy had been appointed by Reagan, the conservative president. Then the oldest judge on the court, John Paul Stevens died and Obama filled a second seat. Stevens was a liberal, the new appointee proved to be a strict constructionist. You can read that as a conservative and the balance of the Court was returned to what it had been before Kennedy and Stevens died.

Just as Obama and Biden had barely squeezed by, so did the Democrats in Congress, losing more seats than they gained. Liberals were becoming very unpopular in the USA in 2013. The country's morality had hit new lows and Christians objected. In some ways, we were a victim of our technological advances. Hah, we couldn't even build a reliable replacement warhead.

Well, it wasn't that we couldn't, it was more like Congress and the Administration wouldn't. They should have, but that comes later.

The threat of a filibuster in the Senate blocked the attempt to re-adopt the John Warner Act. However, there are exceptions to Posse Comitatus:

There are a number of situations in which the Act does not apply. These include:

- National Guard units while under the authority of the Governor of a state;
- Troops used under the order of the President of the United States pursuant to the Insurrection Act, as was the case during the 1992 Los Angeles Riots.
- Under 18 USC §831, the Attorney General may request that the Secretary of Defense provide emergency assistance if civilian law enforcement is inadequate to address certain types of threats involving the release of nuclear materials, such as potential use of a nuclear or radiological. Such assistance may be by any personnel under the authority of the Department of Defense, provided such assistance does not adversely affect US military preparedness.

But wait, it gets better:

On October 1, 2008, the US Army announced that the 3rd Infantry Division's 1st Brigade Combat Team (BCT) will be under the day-to-day control of US Army North, the Army service component of Northern Command (NORTHCOM), as an on-call federal re-

sponse force for natural or man-made emergencies and disasters, including terrorist attacks.

This marks the first time an active US Army unit will be given a dedicated assignment to NORTHCOM, where it is stated they may be *“called upon to help with civil unrest and crowd control or to deal with potentially horrific scenarios such as massive poisoning and chaos in response to a chemical, biological, radiological, nuclear or high-yield explosive (CBRNE) attack.”* These soldiers will also learn how to use non-lethal weapons designed to *“subdue unruly or dangerous individuals”* without killing them, and also includes equipment to stand up a hasty road block; spike strips for slowing, stopping or controlling traffic; shields and batons; and beanbag bullets. However, the *“non-lethal crowd control package [...] is intended for use on deployments to the war zone, not in the US [...]”*.

Let's get real here, beanbags against bullets....Sorry, Charlie, you lose. We want tuna that tastes good, not tuna with good taste. Has anyone looked up the range of a beanbag? I didn't think so. A beanbag is lethal, within a certain range; about 10 meters. However, one website says, “This round is effective on targets from 7 to 25 Yards. DANGER: This ammunition has a high probability of being lethal or producing Severe Damage at a distance less than 12 feet. This is a 2¾” shell.”

It turned out that there were more than one type of beanbag; some were the originals, some had a cloth tail for stability and some a liquid dye marker added to the pellets in the bag. The military also used those rubber batons and they had an even longer range. So, what happened to the microwave gadget we all saw on the military channel? It was supposed to make your skin so hot you had to move out of the path. What's more, the military had resolved the problem with their body armor and they wore plates rated level V.

Not only was it difficult for some to shoot OUR troops, it was difficult to find a place to shoot them. The legs seemed to be popular targets, no effective body armor. He sent the troops with, ‘a heavy heart’. Yeah, right. A majority of the resistance seemed to originate in rural areas as opposed to, say Iraq where it came from the cities. And next the military had within its rank a mutiny of sorts. The non-lethal rounds missed, the microwave whatchamacallit was improperly aimed. The patriots didn't open fire when it was apparent that somebody was on our side or they were out of the effective range of the non-lethal munitions/devices.

They also had the M5 Modular Crowd Control Munition (MCCM), a non-lethal munition used to incapacitate a large group of personnel with the Flash Bang and Impact of rubber balls. It was the non-lethal version of the Claymore mine. The MCCM uses 600 PVC balls (.32 caliber) set in a two-layer matrix of inert binder chemically similar to children's "glow-dough". Sheet explosive of .042" thickness is used as the propellant. You had to be a knucklehead to aim those in the wrong direction, so they were effective within their operational range of 5 to 30 (~100') meters with 60° coverage.

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While we heard about their capacity, we didn't see it because the Missouri Guard was tasked with protecting the federal employees in Missouri. Their number dwindled because the government was unable to hire replacements. In some respects, it was just like 2009 when the only available jobs were federal jobs. Since there was no unemployment to lose, people referred to federal jobs simply didn't go. You do recall that in order to keep drawing unemployment, you had to do 2 contacts per week.

Other jobs were few and far between; however, Dave finally got a job offer up in Springfield. It was a long commute, 44 miles from Branson to Springfield and we were south of Branson. He figured it was worth the 5 gallons of gas per day because he could fill up in Springfield, daily and empty his tank to top off our farm tank. The pay was surprisingly good, \$23 per hour, 40 hours per week with overtime if he wanted it.

When he inquired further about the overtime, he was asked a series of questions in a casual manner to avoid alarming him. That didn't work because certain questions were alarming. Example: "Do you know what a suppressor is?" Answer: "Yes." Example: "What's your attitude about suppressors; should they be controlled?" Answer: "I'm not sure." Example: "Were you aware that in some countries suppressors are available over-the-counter?" Answer: "Yes, but they heavily regulate the sale of firearms." They put him through the hoops but declined to say what the overtime entailed. You didn't have to be a rocket scientist to guess that it might have something to do with suppressors.

After he'd been working there for 3 months and they got to know him, he was approached about the overtime. The owner of the shop, an old Master Chief, knew a thing or two about making suppressors. During his 30 years of service, he'd learned to operate every machine typically found in a machine shop, lathes, milling machines, welders, etc. His favorite expression was, "Desperate times call for desperate measures."

His pattern for a suppressor was different from those we'd made. He admitted that his design was adapted from a commercial model, but not the Surefire. He said that the problem with the Navy's Hush Puppy was that the rubber washers rarely lasted one full magazine. He wanted to know what Dave knew about machining Inconel.

"Inconel? That's a tough one, but I've had some experience."

"Recent?"

"Yes."

"Machine any 718?"

"A few times. Most of it was 625."

"We also use 300 series stainless."

"No problem. Time and a half?"

"You realize what this is all about?"

"Sure, you're making suppressors using 300 series stainless for the body and ends and Inconel for the baffles."

"It's illegal; you don't have a problem with that?"

"I'll tell you what, once you see my work, you'll understand, but the bottom line is I won't tell if you don't."

"I take it you've made them before?"

"I won't answer that Chief, but just you watch."

"Say, you're from Branson, right?"

"No, I'm from Little Rock, but we're temporarily living in Branson."

"Ok, I get it."

"What do you get?"

"Forget it, I promise that I won't say a word to anyone. How are you fixed on military caliber ammo?"

"Why?"

"I know where someone who wanted some could pick up some Speer Gold Dot 124gr +P 9mm and 230gr .45ACP Lawman and Gold Dot."

"What, you made a trip to Lewiston, Idaho?"

"Not exactly; it doesn't matter. I can pay you time and a half or the same value in cartridges."

"How about 50-50?"

"Done. I'll do that on the ammo too, 50-50."

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Why suppressors? The long and short of it is that a suppressor reduces the sound and eliminates the flash. The sound is usually sufficiently distorted to make locating the shooter difficult. Only the Hush Puppy was totally silent and that was only for the first shot. The passage of the bullets wore out the rubber washers and ruined the silencer. The point of having a silencer was avoiding getting caught.

We did an inventory of our 9mm and .45ACP ammo and decided that we really only needed a few cases of each. That might have been different if I'd had my Tommy Gun or we had some MP5s. However, we didn't and I was about to tell Dave to limit the ammo when Beth interceded.

"You've been accumulating ammo with an eye to selling it, right?"

"Yes."

"What are the most common pistol cartridges?"

"Probably .22LR, 9mm and .45ACP."

"How many bricks do we have of the .22?"

"Maybe 50."

"How about the 9mm +P and .45ACP Gold Dot?"

"A lot less."

"So, get the ammo, it is military calibers and isn't going to become more plentiful."

Do you argue with your wife? I don't, especially when she has a point. I suggested to Dave that he switch the arrangement from 50-50 cash and ammo to 100% ammo, divided 50-50 between 9mm and .45ACP. I also wondered aloud if perhaps the Chief might have any .22LR ammo. I also raised another issue having to do with a .22, but this was totally different.

"Do you think that's it's possible to get a .22 pistol with an integral suppressor?"

"I don't know Dad. Gem-Tech made them and so did SRT Arms. High Standard made that one they used in WW II. Advanced Armament also made a rimfire can and Arms Tech Ltd. made some reproductions but they were expensive, around \$2500. The number of manufacturers may have dropped since the new law went into effect."

"Can you make anything for us?"

The Seniors – Chapter 17

“I can make a .223 can with an adapter that slides over the front sight of a Mark II and locks in place with a twist. The diameter of the 5.56mm bullet is .224; however, that should be close enough because the .22LR is .223 in diameter. I’ll build one and we’ll try it. If it doesn’t work, I’ll make a smaller baffle.”

“How much clearance does the current baffle have?”

“No much. What the hell, I’ll just cut it down to a baffle of .223 and we’ll give that a try. We can always make it larger.”

“Thank you, I’ll see if I can find a Mark II.”

“You mean you don’t have one?”

I don’t know how, but I had completely forgotten about the Standard that I had. I had one of the originals with the red eagle that my father had purchased in 1951. I hadn’t shot it for at least 10 years, maybe more. Ruger changed the eagle to black in 1952 when Alexander Strum died. That made my handgun very rare and worth a bundle. With that in mind, I started to shop for a Mark II. I talked to John because he seemed to know where to get almost anything.

“A Mark II? Which barrel length?”

“Whatever would be best to build one with an integral suppressor? Dave says he can manufacture a slip on attachment that slides over the sight and twists to lock in place.”

“Could you get by with the Ruger they built for the Navy SEALs? It has the integral suppressor and that would save you a lot of fussing around trying to adapt one of your suppressors.”

“You don’t need it?”

“Yes, I do; however, I have two. What would you have to trade?”

“Gold Dot, 230gr .45ACP and 124gr +P 9mm.”

“Do you have any subsonic .22LR ammo?”

“No, although we do have about 50 bricks; some each of standard velocity, high velocity and hyper velocity.”

“There are a variety of different types of .22 LR loads. They are often divided into four distinct categories, based on nominal velocity:

- Subsonic, which also includes “target” or “match” loads, at nominal speeds below 1100 feet (335 m) per second.
- Standard-velocity: 1120–1135 feet (340–345 meters) per second.
- High-velocity: 1200–1310 feet (365–400 meters) per second.
- Hyper-velocity, or Ultra-velocity: over 1400 feet (425 m) per second.

“I’ll trade you one brick of the target loads for two bricks of the high velocity loads. I want 1,000 rounds of .45ACP and 1,000 of the 9mm for the pistol. Don’t worry about the target ammo, it works just fine in the pistol. Actually, I’m surprised you don’t have a Ruger automatic.”

“Actually, I do although it had slipped my mind. It’s the Standard model from 1951 and has the red eagle. I’d rather not use that; it’s a collector’s item.”

“Doesn’t that just frost your butt?”

“What?”

“Having a perfectly good firearm you can’t use because it’s too valuable.”

“We may still make the adapter and a suppressor, but I doubt we’ll use it except in an emergency.”

“Ok, done deal. You bring the ammo and I’ll provide the pistol and target ammo.”

“What if we need more?”

“Hang onto some of the Gold Dot and we’ll work something out.”

Typically, you fire hundreds of rounds of pistol ammo for every round you fire in a life or death situation. We fired up all of our Speer Lawman keeping in practice and were reduced to our supply of Gold Dot. The opportunity to get more was too good of an offer to pass up. The main difference between the two was that the Lawman was FMJ.

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“Chief, I talked it over with my father; can I get all of my overtime in ammo?”

“Sure, Gold Dot or Lawman?”

“You have both?”

“Of course. Gold Dot is awfully expensive to use up in practice. How about this, 50% .45 and 50% 9mm divided in 60% Lawman and 40% Gold Dot?”

“Sounds good; but 75% Lawman and 25% Gold Dot sounds better.”

“Planning on changing your mind again next week?”

“I don’t believe we will. Know anyone with either a Ruger Mark II suppressed SEALS model or maybe a High Standard HDM?”

“I sure do, but he wants three grand for the HDM pistol. I might be able to get you the SEALS Ruger for around a grand.”

“Hot?”

“Smokin’!”

“Does your little group of patriots have a name?”

“You know about that?”

“I was guessing but based on some reliable information.”

“No, no name as a group. Each member has selected a handle instead of using their name. We only know the actual name of one other member, a neighbor of ours.”

“And, I take it, it’s a small group. That seems to be in your character. I take it you made some suppressors using 625 for the baffles? You took the hard route. Advanced Armament Corp. has right on their website that their silencers are made out of 718 for the baffles and series 300 stainless for the body.”

“How many do you intend to make?”

“All we can Bubba; we’ll supply every patriot in the country, God permitting. I don’t plan to sell them until we’ve stopped manufacturing them. I have an old service buddy who will be my go between. I’ll sell to him; he’ll mark them up 10% and sell them either directly or to dealers willing to run a little side business.”

(That’s how Dave became Bubba. Bubba is a relationship nickname formed from brother, given to boys to indicate their role in the family, especially the eldest male sibling. For some boys and men, bubba is used so pervasively it replaces the given name. The nickname may also be used outside the family by friends as a term of affection.)

The overtime amounted to 4 hours per night, 5 days a week, and Bubba was drawing time and a half or 30 hours of regular pay paid in Gold Dot or Lawman ammo. How much ammo will \$690 per week buy? A lot, there were no taxes taken out and this was strictly off the books. Everyone working for the machine shop was working 4 hours per night, turning out suppressors.

Perhaps seeing the handwriting on the wall, a Republican Representative introduced a Bill to repeal all federal firearms acts going all the way back to and including the NFA. Unfortunately, it died in Committee while igniting a firestorm of support from over 40% of the population. Even had it passed the House, passage in the Senate was seen as unlikely. To be effective, it had to pass by a majority signaling the president that his veto could be over ridden. That would take passage by a two-thirds majority (or higher) in both the House and Senate. Both the Republican and Democrats were voting along party lines and the Democratic National Committee opposed the Bill from the start.

“I’m going to change my handle in the group.”

“What’s wrong with Mechanic?”

“Nothing; nevertheless, I’ll be going by Bubba from now on. Our group doesn’t have a name, does it?”

“Not that I know of, did you have something in mind?”

“How about Ghost Riders?”

“We can bring it up next week when we’re supposed to meet up to do that thing in St. Louis.”

“St. Louis is a long way to travel for a few hours of work. Why not something closer to home?”

“It’s not that far. US 65 to I-44 and I-44 to St. Louis. Driving time is under 4 hours.”

“Not counting the roadblocks.”

“Not counting the roadblocks. There shouldn’t be roadblocks on the Interstate, just at the exits. But, I see your point, it’s roughly 250 miles and we’ll no doubt be stopped and searched when we exit.”

“Especially since they’ve had a lot of shootings in St. Louis.”

“You’d think we’d run out of targets sooner or later; I understand they’re having trouble hiring.”

“Do you remember the stink that was raised a few years back about all the federal employees who were allowed to carry guns?”

“I think I have a link to the list.”

5-App. Inspectors General and specified staff
7-2270 Dept. of Agriculture Office of Inspector General

7-2274 Certain workers at the Dept. of Agriculture
10-1585 Dept. of Defense civilians
12-248 Federal Reserve Board law enforcement agents
14-95 Coast Guard agents
16-1a-6 National Parks employees; any federal employee selected by the Secretary of the Interior, with that employee's agency approval
16-559c Forest Service law enforcement officers and agents
16-670j Dept. of Interior, Dept. of Agriculture, and state employees by agreement
16-3375 Anyone in federal or state government, or an Indian tribe, to enforce hunting and fishing laws
18-922 Federally licensed manufacturers, importers, dealers, museums, researchers and others are exempt for firearms testing and evaluation, per subsection (b); all government authorities are exempt from the assault-weapons descriptions in subsections (v) and (w).
18-925 Federal and state governments are exempt from Title 18 Chapter 44 (the main gun laws)
18-926B Qualified off duty police may carry concealed nationwide
18-926C Qualified retired police may carry concealed nationwide
18-930 Restrictions at federal facilities and federal courts do not apply to proper authorities
18-1715 Authorities exempt from mailing restrictions
18-2277 Possession of firearms on a vessel are at the control of the ship's master or owner; proper authorities are exempt
18-3050 Bureau of Prisons officers and employees
18-3051 Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives
18-3052 Federal Bureau of Investigation
18-3053 US marshals and their deputies
18-3056 Secret Service
18-3061 United States Postal Service
18-3063 Environmental Protection Agency
19-2072 Customs officials
20-60 Smithsonian Institution curators (for display)
21-372 Health and Human Services Dept.
21-878 Drug Enforcement Administration; local law enforcement officer authorized by Atty. General
22-277d-3 International Boundary and Water Commission
22-2709 Dept. of State and the Foreign Service
22-2778 Government people who are not restricted by the US Munitions List
25-2803 Bureau of Indian Affairs
26-4182 Armed forces are exempt from firearms taxes
26-5844 NFA weapons can only be imported for proper authorities or research and testing
26-5851 People working with proper authorities may be exempt from certain taxes and requirements
26-5852 Certain taxes are waived for proper authorities and the military
26-5853 Certain taxes are waived for proper authorities and the military

26-5872 Proper authorities can get confiscated firearms
26-7608 Internal Revenue Service agents
28-566 US Marshals, deputies and officials of the Marshal's Svc.
31-321 Treasury Dept.
38-902 Dept. of Veterans Affairs
39-3001 Proper authorities are exempt from nonmailable firearms provisions
40-13n Supreme Court Marshal and Police
40-193t Smithsonian Institution police
40-210 Capitol Police
40-318d General Services Admin. officers and employees
40-490 GSA protection force
40-1315 Dept. of Homeland Security; Federal Protective Service
42-2201 Atomic Energy Commission and contractors
42-2456 National Aeronautics and Space Administration and contractors
42-7270a Dept. of Energy
43-1733 Dept. of the Interior
44-317 Government Printing Office employees
49-114 Transportation Security Administration
49-44903 Air transportation security personnel
49-44921 Federal Flight Deck Officers (deputized pilots)
49-46303 Proper authorities may have firearms on aircraft
49-46505 Proper authorities may have firearms on aircraft
49 App 2404 Dept. of Transportation employees at Washington National Airport
49 App 2428 Dept. of Transportation employees at Dulles International Airport
50-403f Central Intelligence Agency
50 App 2411 Dept. of Commerce Office of Export Enforcement

That was circa 2005, a long time back; 8 years to be exact. Did the new president disarm federal employees? If he did, he kept it secret. The feds did buy more body armor and you didn't need to carry a gun to apply for and receive level IIIA body armor. In fact, word had it that they measured you when you were hired and issued it to you the day you started. By the revised 2006 definition, level IIIA was resistant against .357 SIG and .44 Magnum. It may or may not been stab resistant, that was a different issue.

More likely he armed more of them and really created a 'you against us' mentality. Federal employees were paid by we the people and accountable to we the people, although I doubt many saw it that way. It was we the people who were eliminating as fast as we could. The lack of new hires seemed to suggest it was working.

"The DPRK (North Korea) will never 'dismantle its nuclear weapons' unless nukes in South Korea are dismantled to remove the nuclear threat from the US," a spokesman for the North's General Chiefs of Staff was quoted as saying by the official Korea Central News Agency.

The Seniors – Chapter 18

South Korea's Yonhap news agency, which monitors media in the communist state, said the spokesman's statement was carried on state television.

The spokesman said denuclearization of the Korean peninsula does not only mean disarmament of the North but should also include verification of alleged nuclear facilities in South Korea, according to KCNA.

South Korea denies having any atomic weapons.

"There are no nuclear weapons in South Korea," defense ministry spokesman Won Tae-jae told Yonhap.

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China will accelerate the build-up of its nuclear and conventional arsenal to form a credible deterrent, the general in charge of the country's strategic missile force said.

"We will accelerate the building of our nuclear and conventional combat strength," said Jing Zhiyuan, the commander of the Second Artillery Corp, in an article he co-wrote for the authoritative journal Qiushi published on Sunday.

"We will strengthen the build-up of combat systems and improve the training of high-quality personnel," said the article.

China will also develop "a nuclear and conventional missile force corresponding to the needs of winning a war" in conditions changed by modern information technology, it said.

The Second Artillery Corps is an independent branch of the armed forces directly under the control of the powerful Central Military Commission. It is armed with hundreds of strategic and tactical missiles.

"The Second Artillery is the core of our nation's strategic deterrence. It is the main support pillar and backup force of our national security and development," the article said.

The corps' jobs include "deterring other countries from using nuclear weapons against China, and for conducting nuclear counter-attacks and precision strikes with conventional missiles," China said in a recent policy paper.

Update: North Korea still had whatever weapons they had when they issued the statement in 2009. China had expanded its missile force to nearly double and was estimated to now have up to 1,000 weapons. Historically, China was reported as having on the order of 400 weapons. They had finally succeeded in MIRVing the MF-5A. Their inventory included 24 DF-5As, 24 DF-31s with a single warhead and 60 DF-41As with an estimated range of 10,000km, up from 8,000km and 3 warheads.

We also had a threat from Iran. They'd launched their first satellite in February 2009 indicating that they had developed long range missiles. What about Israel?

In the Gulf emirate of Abu Dhabi, foreign ministers from Egypt, Saudi Arabia and other Mideast nations gathered Tuesday for a hastily convened meeting that represented a more assertive effort by pro-US Arab governments to push Hamas toward an Egyptian-mediated truce – and away from Iran.

It made starkly clear the split in the Arab world between US allies and the pro-Iranian camp, particularly Syria, which backs Hamas and the Lebanese militant group Hezbollah. Syria was not invited to the meeting – nor was Qatar, which has taken an increasingly pro-Hamas turn since Israel's Gaza offensive.

"We have to ensure with our unity that unwelcome, non-Arab parties do not interfere in our affairs in an unneeded manner," the United Arab Emirates' foreign minister, Sheik Abdullah bin Zayed Al Nahyan, said in a clear reference to Persian Iran.

Egypt, Saudi Arabia and allied Arab nations accuse Iran of using its alliance with Hamas to increase its influence in the region and gain a foothold on Israel's doorstep. Iran gives millions of dollars to Hamas and is believed to supply the militants with weapons – though Tehran denies this.

Jordan, Tunisia, Morocco, Bahrain, Yemen and Abbas' Palestinian Authority also attended the meeting.

The peace was holding, one month at a time. Hamas didn't stop firing rockets and Israel hadn't stopped bombing. The brokered deal was less than any of the parties wanted except for the universal condemnation of Iran.

There were wars in Africa, the Middle East, the Far East and right here in America. Hillary Clinton was urging Obama to call in the UN to restore order, but in an unexpected move, he rejected her suggestion. Aside from being a socialist out of the FDR mold, he was a reasonable president, all things considered. Compared to Bill Clinton, it was Obama by 5 furlongs (3,300') and compared to what Hillary might have been, it was Obama by a mile.

Am I suggesting that a big war was in the offing? Not really, but then a person never really knows. Why in the past 3 years has China seen fit to expand their military and especially their missile forces and nuclear weapons? Maybe they're just getting ready to finally invade Taiwan, who knows. Before the missile and weapon expansion, they went through a 10 year period of building ships and subs as fast as they could. Possibly they're going to war in installments, ships first, missile and nuclear weapons second. As far as North Korea is concerned, they're nothing more than an irritant unless they're planning on China saving their bacon like they did 60 years ago.

I'd be more worried about Russia and Iran. Iran has developed ICBMs and they still won't talk about their nuclear program despite sanctions being imposed by most of the world. The last thing I heard about Russia was a while back when they seemed to be trying to defuse their sharp rhetoric concerning the missile shield in the Czech Republic and Poland. Now that Iran actually has missiles capable of reaching Europe, perhaps they're rethinking the matter.

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Here at home, our group decided to adopt the Ghost Riders name. The main problem was which version of the song they'd adopt, Vaughn Monroe, Johnny Cash or another. There were over 50 versions of the song. However, Vaughn Monroe won solely because it was the best-selling one, originally recorded on March 14, 1949. The recording first appeared on the Billboard charts on April 15, 1949, lasting 22 weeks and peaking at position #1. The actual title of the song was (Ghost) Riders in the Sky: A Cowboy Legend.

*An old cowpoke went riding out on a dark and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A-plowing through the ragged sky, and up a cloudy draw*

*Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny, and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
He saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in, in the sky*

*Their faces gaunt their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat
They're riding hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught them yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire, as they ride and hear their cry
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in, in the sky*

*As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our range
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
A-trying to catch the devil's herd riding across these endless skies
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in, in the sky*

© Stan Jones, 1949

Our group was short one person for a few months while 'Bubba' worked overtime earning ammo. I said earlier there was a black market supplying ammo. The Coast Guard did what they could to halt the importation via the oceans and the Border Patrol went all out to block it coming in from Mexico and Canada. The Russians needed what they were making for their own forces, curtailing that supply.

Eventually, people like us became the only game in town. It wasn't any more illegal than making suppressors, violating a different provision of what some thought was the same law. The ammo ban was actually an EO, not the law. The law dealt with the guns and magazines only.

The president seemed to be faced with two choices, suck it up and keep going the way he had been or admit that he'd been wrong and strike the EO and urge Congress to repeal the new permanent AWB. Very few politicians are willing to admit they've been wrong.

We found it humorous that the Border Patrol was trying to block ammo from coming across the borders; however ammo came in boxes and didn't have two legs. Most of which were now headed south. The Minutemen were still watching and now passing out water and food, if needed, so they could keep going south.

Into this mix, a twist on a previous activity emerged. Do you recall that Central and South Americans were bringing M16 rifles and hand grenades north with them? They now had a new customer base, the patriots. They were doubling their money, \$400 for a rifle and \$6 each per grenade; all USGI products, not imitations.

When the Chief announced the project was done, Dave went back to working the standard 40 hour week and I entered into the ammo business with John. We only used the handles when we were on a Ghost Rider mission, lest we slip and inadvertently ID ourselves.

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The BATFE came back, twice. At least they didn't cuff us; they just secured our cowboy guns and searched. Because the floor of the tunnel seemed to get muddy, Dave and I laid down ¼" metal plate. I don't really know if that's why they couldn't find the stuff buried beneath the tunnel floor or not, but they didn't find it. For all I know, it could have simply been operator error. Another fact I later learned was that moist soil reduced the depth of penetration to a few cm. It had something to do with ground conductivity and only a highly experienced operator could sort it all out.

Do you recall that we built an ammo bunker? That was early in the tale, maybe chapter 3. Anyway, we couldn't use the bunker for ammo and turned it into a cold cellar. It was probably the most secure cold cellar in the whole country with block covered over with dirt and 1" thick steel front panels. Come to think of it, I don't remember ever telling you that I moved the contents of the bunker to the armory off the shelter. Consider yourself told. I thought my memory was still pretty good, considering...I didn't quite have the spring in my step I used to, maybe I should some shoes with springs.

"David, you're going to need to slow down. I don't want to lose you to a heart attack or a stroke."

“Beth, I’m fine; I just move a little slower. Doc says my Cholesterol is 66 LDL and 35 HDL and the total counting that VLDL is around 125. My triglycerides are around what my Cholesterol is at roughly 130. Hell, at this rate, I’ll live to 100.”

“Are all of your other body chemicals normal?”

“You know they show up when they’re out of range and my last lab reports didn’t have any exceptions.”

“Still…”

“What about you Beth, were your readings ok?”

“Well, my calcium was a bit on the low side and my sugar was borderline high at 130mg/dl.” (To convert mg/dl of glucose to mmol/l, divide by 18 or multiply by 0.055. The new standard measurement prefers mmol/l.) Normal fasting blood sugar is between 70 and 110 mg/dl.

“Did he give you something for the calcium? What about your glucose level?”

“I have to take a once per year shot for the calcium and watch our diet for the blood sugar.”

“Our?”

“You could stand to lose a few pounds.”

“Maybe that’s what slowing me down.”

“That and you being 69.”

“No sweat, I’m a businessman now.”

“What kind of business?”

“Ammo dealer. We’re so heavy on military calibers we should have enough to last several years. This business is going to be by referral only; it’s the only way I know how to prevent getting caught.”

The Seniors – Chapter 19

“Geena doesn’t like Dave’s long commute.”

“Maybe but gas and diesel are cheap and he has almost as good a job as he had in Little Rock.”

“At least you aren’t running around the state trying to get you heads shot off.”

“We’re still part of the Ghost Riders, but Sarge put us on hiatus. He said he wants to wait about 6 months and see how the president responds to the continuing insurgency and the threats from overseas.”

“What threats?”

“You can choose from North Korea, China, Iran or Russia; but Russia doesn’t seem much interested in another war now that their economy is finally beginning to turn around. They are a major oil and natural gas supplier and also supply diamonds and a metal called Rhodium.”

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Rhodium is a silver-white metallic element, is highly resistant to corrosion, and is extremely reflective. It is used as a finish for jewelry, mirrors, and search lights. It is also used in electric connections and is alloyed with platinum for aircraft turbine engines. Another use is manufacturing of nitric acid and used in hydrogenation of organic compounds. Rhodium usage is dominated by auto catalyst applications where it is used together with platinum and palladium to control exhaust emissions

South Africa is the major source, accounting for almost 60% of the world's rhodium supply. Russia is the second largest producer, although its sales are, as with the other PGMs, volatile and subject to political intervention.

High rhodium prices during the late 1980s led to increased rhodium production from South Africa. This increased supply was primarily responsible for a declining rhodium price during the 1990s. Interruptions to Russian supply since early 1997 have helped the rhodium price to recover strongly. (source Kitco)

◦

Up to this point in time, we’d had one apparent terrorist attack, the pneumonic plague, and an internal strife aka an insurrection. The plague had long since passed and the insurrection might go on for years. There had been minor natural disasters, the Alaska Volcano that erupted at a lesser level than anticipated and another minor eruption in Hawaii. Redoubt put up some ash, while the latter just poured more lava down the slopes of Kilauea. At least Yellowstone had gone back to sleep for now. Hell, we hadn’t

even had any Cat 5 hurricanes. We did have some flooding on the Missouri and Mississippi due to high snow levels.

In March of 2013, not long after Obama was sworn in for his second term, TSHTF big time. All thoughts of our ongoing insurgency were shelved when the country was attacked by outside forces. Relatively small nuclear weapons had been smuggled in, placed and exploded in Washington DC, New York City, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles. They were reported to be roughly the size of the bomb we used on Hiroshima, ~13kt.

It wasn't so much damage, although it was bad, it was the very idea that someone actually managed to sneak the bombs in and detonate them. An investigation concluded that the bombs were manually activated, by suicide bombers. The cries went out, "FEMA, where are you?" They were probably hunkered down waiting for the radiation level to subside IMNSHO.

That evening, Obama was on TV making a live announcement about the tragedies earlier that day and promising to get to the bottom of who was behind the attack. I don't know, but offhand I'd speculate that it wasn't the Russians, Chinese or Israelis. The source of the bombs could have been North Korea, India, Pakistan, France, the UK, the US or Iran. Beyond the obvious list were Syria via North Korea, Belgium, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and Turkey via the US through NATO in the weapons sharing protocol. Wouldn't it have been ironic if the 6 bombs had been built by the US?

We gave them a break, albeit brief. With the initial investigation results released to MSM, we resumed our revolt. The bombing had taken the spirit out of some of the patriots but enough remained to keep the revolution inching forward. As people slowly began to go back to work, they lacked time for the various activities we had found ourselves engaged in. Dave periodically checked with Little Rock and when the company reopened, he got his job back.

"What do you think; should we move the mobile home back to Little Rock or leave it here and do something else there?"

"Dave, it would depend on what you could find. Maybe a trailer you could rent or a reasonably priced apartment?"

"It wouldn't be an apartment, there's nothing reasonable about the rents they charge in Little Rock. We could look for a mobile home to rent; I'd like that better anyway."

"Whatever you decide, your mother and I will help as much as we can. You could leave your machine tools set up here and come up on weekends if you have something you want to make."

"What's the deal on the ammo I earned working for the Chief?"

“When it’s sold, the money is all yours, of course. I may buy a little myself, at the going rate and boost the quantities I store for our weapons.”

“Could you buy some now, we might need extra money for a deposit.”

I figured he must be thinking about renting the Taj Mahal because they had virtually no expenses during the time they had lived with us and he was pulling in a good wage working for Chief. I had to hem and haw before he got my point.

“Either you don’t have it to spare or you think I have enough saved up, right?”

“Both, actually. I can buy some of the ammo when our checks come in but we do have to refill the larder. We need staples like beans, rice, flour, wheat, oats and...”

“I know what staples are dad. We’re going to take back the same amount of food as we brought with us, is that okay?”

“Of course David.”

Over the course of the years that we’d been buying from Walton, we discovered that we ate more of some things than others. Oatmeal was a prime example; quick rolled oats only cost about \$21 plus shipping for a 50 pound bag and the hot cocoa, also in a 50 pound bag, went for around \$70 plus shipping. We hadn’t gotten into our LTS foods to any particular degree that couldn’t be replaced with single items.

When the pensions came in, I/we bought 1,000 rounds each of Gold Dot and 2,000 rounds each of Lawman. There was enough left over to pay off the debit card we’d used to make the purchase from Walton and to make a good buying trip up in Springfield. About the only thing they took with them was their upright freezer with a used portable genset he bought to keep it cold and the food they brought up. He only really had to wait two weeks for the money and they had much more food than that.

“We found a rental trailer in the same park we lived in. It needs some cleaning but it’s okay now. It’s furnished but I think they must have gotten their furniture from Goodwill.”

“You could always bring that furniture up here and swap it out for the furniture in your trailer.”

“We’ll talk it over; we may just do that sometime in the future.”

We visited for a while, mostly nothing in particular, and the battery on his cell phone started to go dead ending the call.

“Are they ok Dave?”

The kids? Yes, they're fine Beth. They got a rental trailer in the same trailer park where they lived before. It came furnished, apparently by Goodwill. He said they may eventually swap out the furniture with what's up here."

"Put their good furniture in a furnished rental unit? That doesn't sound too smart to me."

"Actually it was my idea, I guess I wasn't thinking."

"So with them down in Little Rock, are you done with the Ghost Riders?"

"I don't know, I haven't heard from Sarge in a while. The problem was that David and I were a team with him being the shooter and me being the observer. Unless I can work something out with John, I don't believe I want to continue."

"Why John?"

"I swear, he has the eyes of an eighteen year old kid and with him being an ex-Marine, he's one hell of a rifleman."

"There's no such thing as an ex-Marine. Once a Marine, always a Marine."

"His (gun collection) is bigger than mine too."

"You left yourself wide open, care to rephrase?"

"You obviously knew what I meant. No, no rephrase."

"Was John the shooter or the observer?"

"John is a shooter."

"That's perfect, you can be his observer."

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"If, as and when we hear from Sarge, I'd be happy to team with you John. We old farts have to stick together. I don't know about you, but maybe we should just go it on our own. We could be really selective and only take out those at the top. The way to kill a snake is to lop off its head."

"My sentiments exactly."

"Which, going alone or killing a snake?"

"Both."

John and I took to surfing the web with a vengeance. We both had 56k internet connections and made up a list of places to check, dividing it in half. He had semi-retired after the broken leg and rented out that hilly cropland he had. We were looking for any high ranking member of the administration that was making stops in Missouri. None in Missouri were listed, how far is Dallas? Oh well, it's not FEMA, or Brownie. I must say he hasn't done well since he 'quit' FEMA. Some have implied that it wasn't voluntary so I put quit in quotes.

It seemed, after much research, that the feds only visited St. Louis, Kansas City and occasionally Jefferson City. Those weren't day trips for two old men, more like overnighters. We could drive up one day and scout the location. Maybe ask a few innocuous questions; if there were any such thing in the midst of a revolution. We could pick our spot, go out to dinner, maybe grab a beer and get a good night's sleep. The next morning, we could get up early, clean up, have breakfast and check out before going to our spot.

Once there, John would take his AW50 and one magazine of each type of .50 caliber ammo while I took my Super Match loaded with M118LR and 8 spare mags of the same and the observation scope. We'd work together doping the wind, verifying the range with a laser range finder, etc. When our quarry came into view, we only had moments to verify the wind and take the shot. One shot and one shot only, hit or miss (Give me a ping, Vasili. One ping only, please). John didn't miss; John never missed. We'd quickly pack up and take off in the general direction of where the quarry had been because they'd be looking for people running away, not towards them. The side benefit was we sometimes found out right away the status of the quarry.

The whole idea was picking just the right person. And then, target only him/her instead of trying to kill the entire federal government. You might be surprised just how well that worked. We'd check into the motel using an alias, pay cash and we'd take turns doing that. Sometimes, Beth would come along and do the checking in and go shopping while we did our thing. What with this being a free country, lacking internal passports and no travel permits, about the only way someone could place you in the location was if you got a traffic ticket. BTW, Russia still has internal passports.

"Ever seen one of these Dave?"

"I saw something that looked like that back in the '80s. That one of those Spetsnaz knives isn't?"

"Yes, a Russian ballistic knife made by Ostblock and supplied to their Special Forces. They're only good out to about 20' but could come in handy someday. Here takes this, it's for you."

"Well, thank you. Do you have one for yourself?"

"No. No I don't; now I only have eleven left."